EAD "AN EXCHANGE OF WIVES" IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER

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THE GARDEN OF GHOSTS;

Or,

THE HOUSE IN WINK STREET

By MARO ORLANDO ROLFE.

Author of "Filthy Lucre," The Rival Captains," Etc.

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PART III.

TRAGEDY OF A BOY'S LOVE.

So far as his consciousness advised him, [illegible]x was now Gene Felix (son of Professor Kirk Felix of the College of Sciences, and grandson of Walter Wensley, one of the wealthiest merchants of his time), and was living in the year of our Lord 1864.

Felice Fairlie might have stepped out of [illegible]lling's painting, "The Crinolined Belles of Lincoln's Time," that brilliant reflex of the [illegible]nd glow, the beauty and fashion of [illegible]an womanhood in the days of our [illegible]r.

The smile of greeting that she gave him [illegible]e came along the narrow hall made [illegible] glad then sad—sad because she was [illegible]x, he only seventeen.

[illegible] for her was the foolish, hopeless, [illegible]ning love of a boy for a woman; but Felice Fairlie had been born to be adored and she was living to be adored; and if ever [illegible] day should come when there was no one who would say to her, "I love you," on that day she wanted to die. Love was love and she had permitted this boy to lavish his upon her for what sweet incense there was in it.

As she passed the hall-tree, she snatched his hat from it and would have put it on his head, but she paused with a smile of wonderment on her darkly beautiful face.

"Gene!" she cried in a voice of sweetly thrilling cadence that made the boy's blood [illegible] faster. "Gene, where in the world did you get this ridiculous old hat? I never saw such a frightful thing and I'm certain it's too big for you."

The hat made Gene remember. But Felice's brown eyes made him forget. He could not have explained had he desired to do so.

"What joke are you playing?" she laughed. "See!"

[illegible] thin, flexible card which was pasted [illegible] hat, Gene read this inscription:

"[illegible]ph Phlox—1894."

"Do you imagine people will wear such [illegible]ful hats as that thirty years hence?" she asked. "That hat must be forty years out of date now. Do you give the human race no progress when you speculate as to its future? Now, you're going into the park with me, but you shan't wear this—so!"

She hung the hat on the hall-tree again and going into the same side room where Phlox had fared so queerly that afternoon and evening, brought out a flat-topped cap of blue cloth, with a broad enameled forepiece, a gilt button on either side, and an enameled strap extending from button to button across the front.

"There," she said. "You should be proud to wear that. Your Uncle Arden wore it to his death, and he died as bravely as ever a man died for the red, white and blue. Ah, Gene, that fight at Cold Harbor must have been something awful—awful, even for this terrible war!"

She spoke seriously now and her face was serious and not less beautiful on that account.

Gene looked at the cap and saw upon it the following letters and figures in tarnished gilt:

"Co. B, 108th Regt, N. Y. V. I."

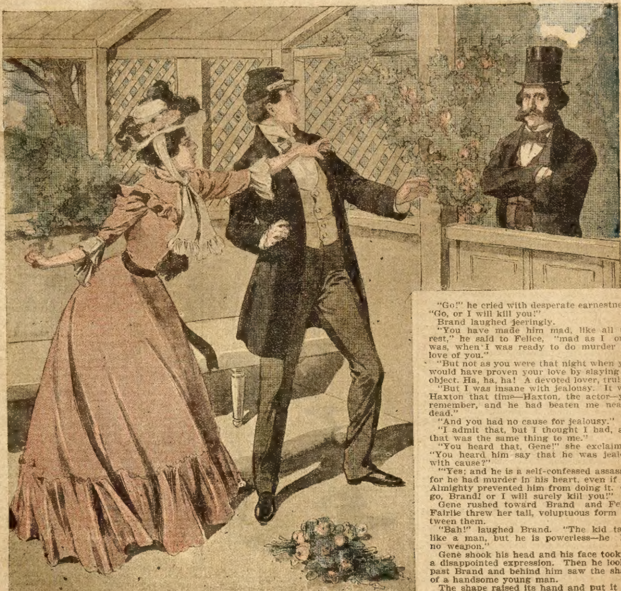
"Poor Uncle Arden," he said, remembering a tall, blonde, thoughtful man who would have become a preacher had he not become a soldier and a martyr. A hundred recollections of that kind-hearted man who was buried on a southern battlefield thronged into the memory of Gene Felix, who but now had been Ralph Phlox.

"Poor Uncle Arden, indeed!"

Felice Fairlie's deep voice softened as she repeated the words.

Arden Felix had been one of those who had loved her. He had never told her so, but she had known it. He had thought that, as a clergyman's wife, she would be out of her element, and she had divined his reason for not having laid his heart at her feet, and now she was not half sorry that she was not a soldier's widow.

She put the cap on the big boy's head and drawing his hand within the graceful curve of her round, warm arm, she led him down the long hall toward the rear of the house.



"Brand!" He whispered as Felice spoke.

When they were in the midst of a small but beautiful park, a labyrinth of narrow avenues bordered with and overhung by fragrant flowers of many hues and odors, she said in a voice that made him forget that he was but a boy:

"Last night I told you that if you had anything to say to me you might say it in the rose lodge this morning. Come on."

"The rose lodge?" he said, questioningly. She always bewildered him, and at the moment he could not remember what he had wanted to tell her last night. But he knew there was something in his heart that he longed to say to her this morning. "The rose lodge?" he repeated.

"Yes; one would suppose that you had lost your head, Gene," she chided him, gently.

"I have lost my heart,"he said, looking straight into her dreamy and baffling eyes of brown. "Why should not my head go with it?"

"Why not, indeed—that is, if you have really lost your heart? That is the usual order of things," she said, cynically. "Men, Gene—men stronger and more hardened than you, have suffered that double loss. A man needs a cool head to take care of a woman's heart."

She preceded him into a snug little arbor of roses and drew him to a seat beside her.

"Now, tell me all about it," she said.

He put an arm around her neck and drew her head down and kissed her fearlessly and passionately.

"Felice," he said, "Felice, I love you."

She held him in her arms and gave him not one kiss but many.

"There," she said, he thought a little bitterly, "that must be better than dying in battle—that is living, for life is love."

Then she let her arms fall away from the boy and screamed.

A man stood before her, scowling like a fiend.

Gene knew the man who had come to trouble him in the moment of his happiness.

"Brand!" he whispered as Felice spoke the name sharply and reproachfully.

"Yes, Gene," she breathed, "it is Brand—Brand, who has made your poor Felice very unhappy."

"Yes," defiantly, "I am Brand, and you, woman? You are——"

She sprang up and put her hand over the man's mouth.

"Speak the word that is on your tongue," she said, "and you will wish that I had died that night."

"I do wish that—I have wished it many times!" he hissed.

"And if I had died you would have been hanged."

It was now his turn to demand silence.

"Sh—" he warned. "Do you suppose a man likes to see his——"

"Stop!" she cried.

"Do you suppose it's pleasant for me to see you making love so passionately to a mere child like that?"

Brand glanced contemptuously at Gene.

The boy sprang to his feet and confronted the man.

"Go!" he cried with desperate earnestness. "Go, or I will kill you!"

Brand laughed jeeringly.

"You have made him mad, like all the rest," he said to Felice, "mad as I once was, when I was ready to do murder for love of you."

"But not as you were that night when you would have proven your love by slaying its object. Ha, ha, ha! A devoted lover, truly!"

"But I was insane with jealousy. It was Haxton that time—Haxton, the actor—you remember, and he had beaten me nearly dead."

"And you had no cause for jealousy."

"I admit that, but I thought I had, and that was the same thing to me."

"You heard that, Gene!" she exclaimed. "You heard him say that he was jealous with cause?"

"Yes; and he is a self-confessed assassin, for he had murder in his heart, even if the Almighty prevented him from doing it. Go, go, Brand! or I will surely kill you!"

Gene rushed toward Brand and Felice Fairlie threw her tall, voluptuous form between them.

"Bah!" laughed Brand. "The kid talks like a man, but he is powerless—he has no weapon."

Gene shook his head and his face took on a disappointed expression. Then he looked past Brand and behind him saw the shape of a handsome young man.

The shape raised its hand and put it beneath the breast of a blue waistcoat. Three times the shape repeated that action.

Brand noticed the startled, inquiring look on the boy's face, and, half turning, permitted his eyes to follow the direction of Gene's gaze.

"On would think the boy dead crazy," he said.

"Felice!" Gene cried. "Felice, do you see that man behind Brand? He is making some sign to me and I do not understand it."

The boy stopped out of the rose lodge and passed Brand, who now advanced a step or two toward him.

"I see no one," answered Felice. "You're nervous, Gene."

She came out and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"But I see him," Gene persisted. "He is making a sign to me like this. See!"

Gene thrust his hand beneath his waistcoat and an expresson of surprise swept over his face.

He drew a revolver and held it up for Felice to see.

"Ah, Brand," he cried, "I'm ready for you. I did not know that I had a revolver till that young man signaled to me where I could find it."

"But no one is there," persisted Brand.

"No one is there now," said Gene. "The hatless young man who wore the queer blue vest has gone; but he showed me that I am fixed for you, Brand, and you'll have to go now and promise never to trouble Felice again, or I shall shoot you like a dog!"

Brand looked at the boy curiously, as if questioning if he really meant what he said, then sprang upon him and tried to wrench the revolver from his hand.

Gene struggled desperately to retain the weapon and as he clung to it and was dragged thither and thither by Brand, an aged man came into view round a curve in one of the flower-embroidered walks that formed that maze of bloom and beauty.

The revolver was discharged accidently and Walter Wensley, the venerable merchant, fell dead.

"Grandfather!" cried Gene Felix, releasing his hold on the smoking revolver and leaving it in Brand's hand.

"Murderer!"

It was Professor Kirk Felix who confronted Brand.

Felice Fairlie pressed the boy to her bosom and whispered in his ear softly and temptingly.

"Father!" cried Gene, seizing Professor Felix's arm and pointing accusingly at Brand, "that man killed Grandfather Wensley in cold blood."

"My God! What a horrible, unproved murder!" gasped Felice Fairlie.

Brand permitted the revolver to fall at his feet.

"I understand," he said facing her, "you are now rid of me forever!"

With her back turned toward Professor Felix and his son, she smiled mockingly at Brand as the latter hurried away.

Again had the adventuress triumphed in the game of love and life—the game of life and death. Brand was no longer in her way and if she could be rid of Gene, who loved her—Gene who knew—she saw the way to a successful career stretching out before her broad and smooth and long.

What might she not influence Gene to do? He was but a boy.

She long for the moment when she should be alone with him. Then she would put her power to the test. She waited until he had helped to carry the poor slain old grandfather into the house and had come back to her and to——

She smiled upon him as he came running back. Her smile was not a smile of loving welcome, but he thought it was.

He looked into the beautiful brown eyes of the wicked woman for whom he was willing to falsely swear a man's neck into the hangman's noose, and then threw his arms about her and said with pathetic pleading:

"Felice! Felice! I love you! There is no one to say that you shall not kiss me. Tell me that you love me, Felice!"

The boy was as fierce in his love making as he had been in his denunciation of Brand.

She disengaged herself from his clinging embrace and with rude force pushed him far from her.

"Gene!" she cried. "You are a perjurer and a would-be murderer! You drove Brand away—Brand whom I love. How could I love you?"

He questioned her devilishly enthralling face in unspeakable surprise.

"But you told me what to say, you——"

"You misunderstood me," she said, coolly. "You made a terrible mistake."

"But, Felice!" he gasped. "Those kisses! I thought you gave them to me because you loved me!"

She laughed at his abject misery.

"Child!" she railed. "You don't know what love is—you silly enfant terrible! Poor little fool!"

So far as a boy could understand such a woman, Gene Felix now understood Felice Fairlie.

Her taunts maddened and tortured him.

He saw the revolver lying where Brand had dropped it and he picked it up and held its tube to the side of his head.

"Gene!"

He lowered the weapon slightly. She knocked it out of his hand, then picked it up and examined it curiously and silently.

"Queer," she said at length. "There is a date on it—1889—and this is only 1864."

"Let me have it," pleaded Gene, desperately.

She put it in his hand.

"You little idiot!" she said, harshly, "you are too great a coward to shoot yourself."

Again she saw him put the muzzle of the revolver to his temple—then she turned her back upon him.

"You daren't do it!"

He heard her say that and then he pulled the trigger.

After a minute she got down beside his dead body.

A dim shape that Felice saw not enveloped Gene, then rose and stood beside her—the athletic shape of a good-looking, hatless and blue-vested young man, which held in its hand the revolver with which the boy had shout out his young life.

The shape thrust the revolver in the bosom of its blue vest, and at is went through the beautiful garden toward the house its face was frozen with horror. At the door it turned to look back.

Now Felice was giving Gene the kisses she had denied him a few minutes before, and more.

"He did love me after all!" she sobbed. "Some time he would have loved another woman, and she would have known that she was beloved. I am glad I gave him those kisses today—poor little devil!"

When Phlox had winked back some tears, he saw that the little park was gone, and in its place was a filthy alley bordered by rickety barns and inhabited by cats, dogs, goats, and smutty-faced and strident-voiced children—squalid tenement children—who had never dreamed of such flowers as Phlox had seen there a minute ago.

Phlox rubbed his eyes and went along the hall of Haxton House toward the front door.

His hat was still hanging on the hall-tree where he had seen it placed by Florence Haxton and where Felice had found it when, as Gene, Phlox had first beheld her. He put it on and went again into that front room and found it dark.

Tearing the barriers from one of the windows he let in a flood of mid-summer moonlight and discovered that the window, bars and all, was a cunningly contrived trapdoor that opened outward and was immediately closed by a powerful spring, and also that the room was so constructed that its floor revolved when pressure was applied to mechanism concealed beneath it by the weight of a person sitting in the chair which he had occupied for several hours that afternoon and evening.

"Curious!" Phlox exclaimed, "what a waste of talent and labor. But——"

He paused, sniffing the air of the place investigatingly.

"Surely, I smell fire." He opened the door into the hall. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" he yelled.

"That mysterious Mr. Cephas Zane said that I should remain here until it should bcome physically impossible for me to tarry longer," he soliloquised, as he unbolted and unlocked the front door. "The rear part of the house is all in flames, Mr. Zane, and that lets me out. But I must save Mr. Haxton." Then he called loudly, "Mr. Haxton! Mr. Haxton! Mr. Haxton!"

Almost as he spoke the name the last time the little, old-fashioned old man appeared before him.

"You want me to finish the story, eh?" he said, cheerfully, apparently taking no notice of the fire. "About myself? Well, in my youth I was an actor of feminine characters. Later I devolved some mechanical genius and during the ten years I lived here, from 1865 until I died, I put some ingenious improvements in this house. Since then, sometimes in man shape and sometimes in woman's shape, I have mystified and laughed at people whose curiosity has brought them to this place. But that is all done with now. You will tell the story to the world. As for me, I'm going away—I know not where."

"And what became of Felice, that beautiful fiend?" Phlox asked.

"Oh, she married and divorced several rich men and each one of them lived unhappily ever after the day on which he first saw her. She died about five years ago, beloved for her beauty and her charity, and she has a prominent place in certain stained glass windows. Some enthusiasts refer to her as 'that saintly woman who suffered.'"

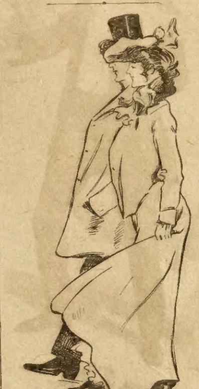
"But there were other sufferers," remarked Phlox, "and such a classification of saints is not official and final."

"No," answered the little old-fashioned man dryly. "St. Felice isn't on the working list. I am not authority on the subject, but that is my opinion. Good-by."

So saying, he sighed gratefully, as a tired man does who is about to go to rest. He went back down the hall and Phlox saw him dematerialize in the fire and smoke.

Then the young man opened the front door and went thoughtfully down the steep front steps.

(The end.)



She—Why is it, I wonder, that little men generally marry such large women?

He—I guess the little fellows are afraid to back out of the engagements.

All Alike.

"Been taking a walk in the open air?" asked the host.

"I have been taking a walk," replied the guest, "but I didn't find any open air. It was decidedly close—not to say familiar," he added, flicking a gob of soot from his shirt front.

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MY RIVAL---DON CARLOS

I had just bidden my wife good night—my little Spanish wife—and I had heard her footsteps retreating up the stairs of what she called "our strange English home."

I had won her in Spain, and had wedded her against her father's wishes. In fact, she had eloped with me, and we had hastened to England, where I led her to the altar.

She was very beautiful even for a Spanish senorita, and had broken many a don's heart before I won her real affection and brought her to my little estate in England.

If there was a little cloud to mar the glorious sunshine of our lives it was the dread she had of a Spaniard by the name of Don Carlos, who had been the accepted suitor for her hand. He was rich and had been promised her hand by her father and it was the continual pressure that he brought upon her to marry him—whom she hated—that had induced her to fly with me.

"He will go mad," she said, "and search all over the world for you, and if ever he sees you he will kill you."

I assured her that the English law would protect me, and that she need have no fear on my account, but every now and then the fear would return and she would pray me to be always on my guard.

After a year had gone by I began to hear less of Don Carlos, and hoped that I should soon hear of him no more. But I did not then fully understand the true nature of a disappointed and balked Spaniard; I did not know with what tenacity he pursues the object of his hate, and the bloodthirsty manner in which he delights to take his revenge.

On the night that I referred to at first I heard my wife close her door. Then I lit a cigar, and was soon lost again in the novel I was reading. I should think that I had been sitting thus for about half an hour, when suddenly the French windows which looked on to a little lawn in front of the house opened and I saw a man standing in front of me with a revolver in each hand.

I recognized him at once; the high cheekbones, the black, glittering eyes and the dark waxed mustaches told me at once that this was the man whom my wife dreaded so much—the Spaniard, Don Carlos. Without his telling me so I knew that if I moved he would fire.

"Listen," said he, "and if you move so much as an inch you are a dead man. I loved a maiden once, the prettiest maiden in Spain. She did not then love me, but she would have done so. Her father had given her to me, and she was looked upon as my future wife by every one who knew us. Then an Englishman came and stole her, won her by her lying tongue, took her away with him, and married her. When I learned of it I took an oath to find and murder him, kill him as he had killed my hopes. I have found him. You are the man, and I intend to have my revenge."

I was cool at the commencement of his discourse; but as he went on, and I pictured my little Antonetta the wife of that villain, my blood boiled, and I answered that I would die with the consciousness that I had rescued a woman from a fate worse than death. I told him that Antonetta hated the mention of his name.

Whilst he was still covering me with his revolvers he made a motion to a confederate. A man came forward and before I could clearly discern his intention struck me a violent blow on the head, and I remembered no more.

* * * * * * * * *

When I came to myself and collected my thoughts I found myself lying on the floor of a good-sized room. How long I had been unconscious or in what part of the world I was I could not say, but I could see at a glance that I was not in a room in my own house.

I was not bound either hand or foot, and after a few moments I sat up and looked around me. The room was about fourteen feet square and the walls appeared to be made of some hard black wood, ebony, I think, and were quite smooth and unpapered.

In vain I looked around for a door, but there was not even a crease apparent in those smooth, black walls. For a time I sat thus and collected my scattered thoughts; my head was throbbing and my pulse beating at a runaway speed.

The first thing that my thoughts flew to was my little Antonetta. Had they molested her? Was she also to suffer for having married me? Poor little girl, how she would worry at my absence, and the thought, ever uppermost in her mind, that I should get into the hands of Don Carlos, was fulfilled at last. I was evidently not to be starved to death, for by my side was a plate of bread and meat and some water in a glass.

The room was not dark and I looked round to see from whence the light proceeded and discovered that it came from several slits in the ceiling, about two feet in length and a couple of inches wide.

I looked around the room for some loophole of escape, but I might as well have tried to escape from a jewel safe. Then I felt drowsiness creeping over me again and I lay down and slept.

When I awoke I thought that the room seemed darker, and I imagined that night was coming on. It was not by any means dark, but the light certainly seemed less than when I had gone to sleep. I lay in a kind of semi-stupor for some time, my mind first wandering to my wife and then to my mother and my old home.

After a time I felt cramped and rose to a sitting posture, and, looking round, I thought that the room appeared smaller than when I had first looked round it; the black walls appeared to be closer, and, glancing up at the slits in the ceiling, I saw that they were not so long; they were partly covered by the walls.

Then I noticed with horror that not only were the walls closing in upon me, but in the center of the room was an opening like a small well, which seemed to be getting larger as the room was decreasing in size. In a flash the awful truth was upon me; the walls would close in toward the hole and I would be gradually forced inch by inch to an awful death, down into that unknown depth.

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I crawled on my hands and knees toward it and looked down, but saw nothing but inky darkness. I discovered that the hole was now nearly as large as it would get. Two of the center slabs of the stone floor had been made to recede, leaving a yawning abyss about six feet in diameter and these slabs had now receded their limit, but the walls were still moving slowly, very slowly, toward the center pit.

I took off my watch (I should not require it again) and dropped it down the black hole and listened. It seemed some seconds before I heard it crash on to some hard substance below. It was not water—I had prayed that it might have been.

After I dropped my watch I noticed that the inside of the hole was bricked with ordinary red bricks, but so closely built that to get a foothold would be impossible; my case seemed absolutely hopeless.

Then a strange thought suggested itself to me, only to be put aside as impossible, but a drowning man clutches as a straw, and I determined to try it. It was to remove with my penknife the mortar of four bricks—two in which to put my feet and two for my hands, and to wait thus clinging to the inside of the well until the walls had again retreated.

Then Don Carlos, thinking I was dead at the bottom of the hole, might relax his vigilance, and I might perchance escape. It was a wild hope and desperate in the extreme, but it was better than dying without making an effort to save my life.

The room was now only about ten feet square, and I had, I reckoned, about four hours to do my work, which would give me, if I were successful in removing the bricks, about fifteen minutes to rest myself before getting into the black hole.

The mortar was terribly hard, but bit by bit I chipped it out, until in less than an hour I had removed the first brick, and away it went crashing down to the bottom of the hole. Then I commenced on another about a foot to the right of the one I had already removed.

The blood rushed to my head and the veins stood out on my forehead like whipcord. But I thought of Antonetta and home and I went at it with the frenzy of despair.

The room was now almost dark. The slits in the ceiling had almost entirely disappeared, but I managed to remove the second brick just as the last glimmer of light disappeared, and now I was left in total darkness.

The horror of my situation was now greatly increased. I could not see now how quickly the walls were nearing the center, so I worked away at the other two bricks like a madman, for I thought that every moment I should feel the wall behind me pushing me to my awful doom.

I had long been unable to do my work lying down, for the walls only left a space of about two feet all around the inky hole.

I had worn away almost the entire blade of my knife, and still there remained a brick to be removed. Nearer and nearer came the walls, and I now had only a foot of space in which to sit and finish my work and the brick seemed to be in as tight as ever, the perspiration running off my fevered brow and dripping on the stone floor.

At last the brick was loosened and a moment later went dashing down the wall. I paused to wipe my wet face and rest a few moments.

Then an awful thought flashed upon me. When the walls receded would not the stone slabs again cover the well and my only chance of escape be cut off? It was reasonable to suppose so, for the same machinery that was driving the walls toward the center was most likely responsible for the opening of the pit's mouth.

Then again I remembered that the slabs had reached their limit before the walls had reached to within a couple of yards of the pit, so I concluded that they would recede to the limit before the hole began to close.

This did not take so long to think as to write, and before I had properly reasoned it out I felt the hard wall touching my back. Still I did not get into the pit, as I knew I should require all my strength to hold on until I could climb out when the walls had again receded.

At last the moment arrived when I could no longer sit on the small and ever decreasing ledge, and tremblingly I got into the mouth of the pit, hanging on to the top until I got my feet into the holes I had made for them.

I am not a coward, but I confess that I was frightened—terribly frightened—as I was feeling about with my feet for those holes. For some minutes I kept my hands on the edge of the pit, but soon the cold, pitiless walls touched my finger tips, and I had to loose my hold and clutch the back of the bricks from whence I had removed the others. I had scraped out some of the mortar behind the bricks under the two I had removed, so that this afforded a hold.

Then commenced that terrible struggle of endurance, the horrors of which almost drove me mad.

It could not have been many minutes before the walls began to recede, but to me it seemed hours. Every few seconds I would put up one of my hands to feel the walls. They came to the extreme edge of the pit, and seemed to stay there for some time.

At last, when I put up my hand I could not feel the walls, and I knew that they were really receding. They went back much more rapidly than they had closed in, so much so, in fact, that in a few minutes the light was again streaming in through the slits in the ceiling.

I had just got my hands on the ledge to lift myself from my perilous position when I became suddenly aware of a great flood of light coming in from a space like a door in one of the walls.

Thinking that some one was entering, I hastily got back into my former position so as to be free from observation. Then I heard footsteps on the stone floor, but could see nothing, as the person had entered on the side of the room corresponding to the side of the pit to which I was clinging.

Then I heard a loud burst of laughter, which I at once recognized as proceeding from that villain, Don Carlos.

Presently he stepped to the edge of the pit, and I knew that I should be discovered, but, rather than undergo fresh tortures, I determined to release my hold and drop down the well.

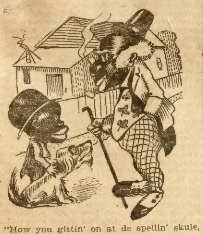
Then like a lightning flash came another thought, and almost as quickly I acted on it. He had just reached the mouth of the pit, and before he had time to discover me I loosed one hand, and with a strength born of madness I clutched one of his legs.

To my dying day I shall remember the cry he gave as he went crashing down to the awful doom he had prepared for me. Then with a feeling of horror at what I had done I got out of the pit and walked out of the ebony room and out of the house of horrors unmolested.

I found myself in Spain as I had partly supposed, and I lost no time in getting back to England.

I found my wife terribly upset at my prolonged absence. She had quite given up all hope of ever seeing me again, but when I told her of the fate of Don Carlos a glad light came into her eyes. She knew that we could now rest in peace.

Good Reason.



"How you gittin' on at de spellin' skule, Rastus?"

"Fine, Unc, Mose; don' have no trouble no mo'."

"W'y not?"

"I wuz s'pelled las' Friday, das w'y."

A Famous Apple Tree.

The American Cultivator says that the original greening apple tree is still standing on the farm of Solomon Drowne, at Mount Hygeia, in North Foster, Rhode Island. The tree was a very old one when the farm was sold in 1801. The seller informed the purchaser that it was a pity the old tree was going into decay, as it produced the best fruit of any tree in the orchard. The purchaser determined to see how long he could keep it alive, and it still survives, after almost another century has been added to its venerable years. But it shows signs of final decay, and the parent of all the famous Rhode Island greenings, which has set its grafts on the orchards of almost all the world, will soon be but a neighborhood memory. It is doubtful if there is a more famous apple tree to be found in all Pomona's groves from end to end of the earth.

Banana Toast.

Bake the bananas; then press through a colander or vegetable press, season with a little salt, butter, sugar, and lemon juice. Moisten slices of zwieback in hot cream; cover each slice with a spoonful of the banana pulp, and serve very hot. Serve for breakfast dish without meat.

$12.98 STEEL RANGE. For $12.98 without reservoir or shelf; $17.98 with reservoir, high shelf and closet, exactly as illustrated, we sell this big steel range that others advertise and sell at $25.00 to $35.00. We undersell everyone in stoves and ranges. Write for FREE Stove Catalogue. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LOYAL TO DUTY OR BEAUTY

BY LEE M'CREA.

He sat at the organ in the dim old chapel, resting after the day's work. As visions of his boyhood swept over him, the notes strayed into Scotch melodies, and sang of crags, lochs, braes and heather.

Suddenly the sound of sobbing came from the back of the room. He had heard a woman's step enter the chapel soon after he began playing, but this, like his surroundings, had been forgotten. Now he turned, moved toward the woman swiftly and said, "What is the trouble?"

"Your music makes me—so—so unhappy," she stammered.

"You are—you live here?"

"Yes; and I come in often, for I cannot stay away from your music, though it breaks my heart. Perhaps it is because I used to play. I am too nervous—too miserable now."

"I play because I am unhappy," he answered, significantly.

"Oh, but music is a cry; it is the holding out of one's arms to friends in the hopeless distance—to things out of our world, you know."

"Yet by holding out the arms one may gather in some happiness."

"All imaginary," she cried.

"But is not imaginary good better than none?" he asked, quietly, laying his hand upon hers, as it rested on the pew. "Come, let us go outdoors and hear what the trees have to say about it."

Thus this young man and young woman, who had never met before, passed out of the chapel hand in hand to a rustic bench among the trees and bushes of the wide lawn.

"How the leaves sing!" he exclaimed.

"Imaginary! All our good is imaginary!" she reiterated, bitterly. "It is this unreality that is killing me! Oh, God! to go insane and forget!"

With this hysterical cry she threw herself upon the ground and sobbed, while he sat motionless upon the bench, as unmindful as she of the fact that her face rested in the large letter I of the words "Blind Institute." The grass and the flowers talk to the blind children, but they must write out what they would say to the seeing people that pass by.

After her passionate tears, he said, "Come here and tell me; no, let me tell you of my life." She obeyed like a little child, and he went on:

"When I was a boy eleven years old, my parents were killed in a railway accident. Having no brothers or sisters or near relatives in Scotland, I resolved to find an uncle who was in America and with all my worldly possessions in a satchel, I started across the sea. But almost crazed by grief and loneliness, I soon fell ill. I hid my condition from the ship's officers, and was nearly dead when they found me. The complication of diseases and lack of prompt attention resulted in blindness, and when we landed in New York, the doctor brought me at once to this institution. Here I expect to stay as long as I live. I am now twenty-four—but, with my music, thank God, I can pay for all their care and teaching and be no charity pupil. Oh, pardon! I meant no unkindness!"

"I understand. But my people are wealthy. I am no charity pupil, either," she answered, quickly.

"To think that you have been blind for thirteen years, and I less than three months. Every day is an eternity. How have you borne it?"

After a moment's silence he said, "When God shuts one door He opens another. Now tell me about yourself."

"My home is in the suburbs of Baltimore. I was in college last March, expecting to graduate in June; but when several of us girls were experimenting in the laboratory we caused a frightful explosion. All escaped but me. If it had only killed me."

"No, no, there is still much to enjoy. Why, is that the 'candle call?'" as a bell rang out form the main building. "It must be dark out here."

"Dark, everywhere, always," she said, plaintively, rising to go in. Then she laughed slightly. "We don't even know one another's names."

"Sure enough. I am Neal Bonham."

"And I Donna Le Sands. May I come again to hear you play?"

"If it will make you any happier," he answered, as they separated at the enlong corridors.

During the days that followed, Neal Bonham was unusually busy with new pupils in the school and special music for the church in the city for which he was organist. Since taking the latter position his salary had been greatly increased, for the church officers recognized that through the organ his intensely worshipful soul preached real sermons to the great congregations. So busy was he that there was only a brief time each day for his "vesper song." He always knew when Donna La Sands was present; she slipped in and out so quietly that only the ear of the blind could have heard her.

Once she interrupted, crying, "Don't play that! It was one of our college songs. Oh, why was I left neither dead nor alive!"

He stepped to her side to say some soothing word, when she exclaimed:

"You don't know. You have been blind so long you are used to it. I had never had a sorrow, I was rich, beautiful; it isn't vanity to say it to you now, is it? and loved by many."

"Describe yourself to me," he said, tactfully, "and do not be afraid to use pleasant adjectives, for I like to carry pretty pictures in my mind." So he soon saw Donna La Sands as her schoolmates loved to remember her.

"Now, what are you like, Mr. Bonham?"

"I—don't—know. I wonder how I do look! I was a lank, awkward boy when I saw myself last, and I have even forgotten what sort of a face I had then. Since they taught me music there has been so much to think about."

"And I have nothing to think about except the past and what might have been."

"Let me teach you music."

"I can play, though not as you do, and only on the piano," she replied. "I love the pipe organ, for it has so many voices, while the piano has but one voice in many moods.",

The conversation drifted on to music and gradually, in the days that followed, he won her back to her old-time devotion to it. So the acute suffering was over, and through these mutual ties a great love for each other dawned in their dark lives.

But a still happier thing awaited him. A noted oculist chanced one day into the church and became interested in the blind player. After a short conversation with him the man said: "Let me examine your eyes tomorrow—just for my own satisfaction."

When the examination was over, the oculist said: "Young man, you should have been made to see years ago. There is no question about it."

Trembling with excitement, Neal broke the news to Donna in the shadowy chapel that evening.

Her first cry was of joy, then came the wail, "Oh, then you will leave me!"

"No, no," he declared, clasping her arms tighter about his neck. "I will be eyes for us both. I will see only to care for you. I will marry you and take you away from here. I will love you all the more tenderly for your blindness. To think that I have seen your beautiful face only in a dream, and that soon I shall study it close—like this—with eyes instead of finger-tips!"

Then came the day when Neal was under the doctor's care, while Donna waited in an agony of suspense for the doctor's verdict.

Half delirious with joy, he looked out at a real world again. Two weeks later he hurried to the place where he thought he would catch his first glimpse of her he loved. But as he drew near he halted among the bushes and peered at the girlish figure on the seat. Beautiful? She was hideous—frightful to look upon! Her eyes were colorless and distorted, her "golden hair," snow-white; her once clear complexion all scarred and vividly red. Was this the reality of his vision—his wife-to-be? He grew white to the lips as she rose and stood in the pathetic attitude of the listening blind. Could he desert such a one? Yet could he who worshiped the beautiful, who had seen all things as beautiful through his own soul-lens—could he marry so ugly a creature? A long and awful battle waged in his breast.

At last, stepping forth, he said, "Donna! Donna! I see you!"

The gladness of her welcome compensated for much, but he kept his eyes closed through the greater part of the interview.

Several months later there was a marriage in the old dim chapel. When the minister said: "Neal Bonham, do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" the young man closed his eyes and answered, "I do." He was marrying the Donna of his dream.

But she, happy to the finger-tips, never guessed the struggle, never knew that she had not the same pretty face that had smiled back at her from the mirror in days gone by. None that loved her could bear to hint at any change, and in the home Neal had made ready for her the servants were strictly enjoined to silence on the subject.

Two happy years passed. She became very ill, and realizing that the end was near, she clung to her loyal husband, crying:

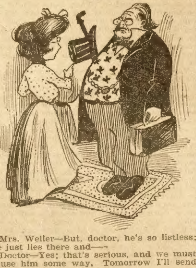
"Oh, Bonnie, you have been so good. You made a star-lit night of the blackness, and saved me from blindness of mind as well. Besides, I know you do not love me for my beauty, as others did."

"The truth, thank God!" he cried, under his breath. "Heaven forgive my lies to her."

"I could not bear to leave you, Bonnie, were it not that soon I, too, shall see. Think of it! I wonder if God does not take us apart at a time—our sight, our hearing, our breath—as to make us willing to die? But soon I shall see heaven for you as you have been seeing earth for me, and I shall talk to you about it through the organ."

People often wonder why Neal Bonham plays his sweetest music with closed eyes, but others always reply, "Oh, that is just a habit resulting from his long blindness."

Drastic.



Mrs. Weller—But, doctor, he's so listless; he just lies there and——

Doctor—Yes; that's serious, and we must rouse him some way. Tomorrow I'll send him my statement.

Appropriate.

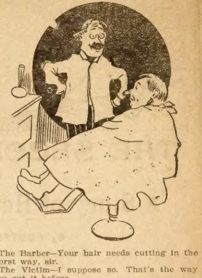
A dude is apt to make a show,
With his coat full of pads and puffing;
But that is surely apropos—
For what's a goose without the stuffing?

Mental Exercise.

Berenice—What is the nature of this brain work Cholly has undertaken?

Hortense—He has made his valet take a back seat and he thinks for himself what suit he will wear each day.

The Usual Thing.



The Barber—Your hair needs cutting in the worst way, sir.

The Victim—I suppose so. That's the way you cut it before.

Quite Correct.

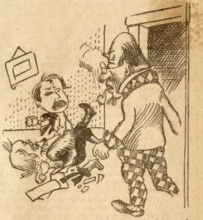
Teacher—What zone is this in which we live?

Johnny—Temp'rate.

Teacher—Correct. Now, what is meant by a "temperate zone?"

Johnny—It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter an' red hot in summer.

Deportment.



Papa—Here, here! What's all this noise about?

Willie—He said his manners is more genteeler'n mine and I'm showin' him that they ain't.

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If you need help, I want you to have my book. I want you to know what my method does. I ask you to test it a month at my risk.

Send me no money. Just tell me the book you need. I will send with it an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He will let you test it a month, and if it succeeds you can pay him $5.50 for it. If it fails, I will pay him myself.

I mean that exactly. Don't say I can't do this. Find out if I do. A postal addressed to me will bring you the order.

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Do you know another remedy that ever cured 39 out of 40 different, chronic cases? Do you know another physician who will make an offer like mine? Don't you know that no other remedy ever compounded could stand such a test?

Then why not ask about mine? If I cure, you are well, and the cost is a trifle. If I fail, you have not lost a penny.

I have spent a lifetime on this treatment. I have learned how to bring back the strength to those inside nerves which operate the vital organs. When any vital organ is weak, my Restorative will give it the nerve power to act. There is no other way to strengthen it. In most chronic cases, there is no other way to cure.

I know this treatment and you do not. Let me take the risk. Let me attempt to cure you, and if you think I have failed, I will pay all the cost.

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 602, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia,
Book No. 2 on the Heart,
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys,
Book No. 4 for Women,
Book No. 5 for Men, (sealed),
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Canada talks of building a $65,000,000 ship canal from Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, to the Ottawa river, with a chanel twenty feet deep, which would permit vessels of that draught to pass from the upper lakes to the seat. The Dominion, it must be remembered, has a remarkable habit of constructing the ship canals it talks about.

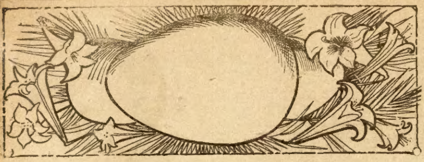
STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Out for the Dust.

"After all we are only dust," said the clergyman in the parlor car.

"Hush! not so loud!" warned the friend. "If the porter overhears you he will come over and brush us away."



THE SECOND DELUGE;

Or,

A Story of Heaven and Earth.

By AUSTYN GRANVILLE,
Author of "A Fallen Race," Etc.

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Begun in No. 11, March 15. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

A tremendous exodus followed from the middle states of the United States of America. Ohio, with its teeming cities, in a week became practically a desert. The great city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois, emptied its vast and heterogenous population away towards the south and the east and the west.

In the great cities society had ceased to exist. Nobody gave any more entertainments when they never expected to be entertained in return, for now there would not time to do it. There were no theaters open for everyone was absorbed in that awful spectacle in the sky. The spectacle in the theatrical world had at last met with a rival, and Shakespeare and Marlowe were avenged.

On the night of the fifteenth of August the hush of death was upon the world. It seemed as if but a few thousand miles intervened between that awful spectacle, which visible to the inhabitants of North America just immediately after sundown, as the world rolled around on her accustomed course, and threatening the live-long day the frightened inhabitants of the antipodes, at a little after ten o'clock in the night hung like a liquid, molten ball of flame directly over the heads of the cowed and shuddering people. There was a deadly silence everywhere. Only now and then, as some infant, overcome by the tremendous heat, shivered in its mother's arms and died, did a low moan of intense anguish break from the deadly silence of the crowd, which assembled in the streets and squares of San Francisco, awaited the inevitable doom. There were, indeed, one or two brave men who still hoped that the awful object which hung over them might quench itself in the Pacific ocean, but the calculations of the astronomers had hitherto been made with such accuracy as to preclude any but the smallest hope that they might be wrong on this all important question: "What part of the earth will the comet strike?"

An unearthly and sulphurous vapor filled the air. The atmosphere itself was becoming vitiated by the near approach of such a vast body of burning gases. The heat, already, in August, nearly insurportable, had become intolerable. The smaller and less robust of the animal kingdom died, uttering piteous moans as they gasped for want of air, and women who were weakened by sickness succumbed in thousands. The mortality in London, Paris, New York, and the great cities of the world, amounted on that fearful night to over thirty per cent of the population. The cities, too, were crowded, for men hated the idea of dying alone, like dogs in the fields, and the gregariousness of the human family asserted itself in the supreme moment.

Such was the condition of things when, on the afternoon of the sixteenth of August, a man might have been seen slowly toiling up towards the summit of Mt. Hamilton. The exhausted condition of the horse he bestrode rendered frequent rests necessary. Upon that great mountain, in addition to the man who now made his way slowly and painfully towards its summit, there was but one other human being. That man was George Chalmers, who refusing to desert his post, had been in constant communication with the observatories of the world by wire and who was at that moment awaiting the arrival of his trusted comrade, who had but a few hours previously undertaken the descent and ascent of the mountain—to obtain one solitary letter.

A telegram had reached Chalmers from India some weeks before, which read as follows:

"Have written you a letter of the utmost importance. Act on its instructions and happiness awaits you.",

It was just like Jhung Mooltan, dramatic, and cut short to save expense.

The Englishman crept painfully forth to meet his friend. He assisted him to dismount, for all the others had long ago deserted them. They had feared to meet their doom so far from the haunts of man. Tenderly he led the exhausted man to the terrace in front of the observatory and poured him out a draft of melted snow water, which he drank greedily.

Chalmers waited until he was somewhat revived, and then asked: "The letter; the letter. Has it come at last?"

Tearing open the envelope, he read as follows:

"I am hoping that this will reach you before all is over. By the time it meets your eyes, Holkar Runjeet, Rana and myself will have gained the summits of the Himalayas. Gaurisankar, the loftiest mountain of all, is the objective point for which we shall aim. It is the culminating point of the earth's surface, and its peak rises to the height of twenty-nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is more than probable that those people who have the good sense to gain the summits of the highest mountains will be saved. The suffering from heat, when the comet is about to reach this earth, will undoubtedly be intense, but in parts of it not unbearable. The majority of th inhabitants, however, will meet their death by drowning, as the tail of this comet will effectually prevent the revolution of the earth and on the globe ceasing to revolve, even for an instant, the oceans of the Atlantic and Pacific will leave their beds and overwhelm the face of the land. If you should be spared, being at a great altitude, I conjure you to try and reach us.—Jhung Mooltan."

Jerningham staggered to his feet. This new calamity was more than he could well bear.

As he did so, a molten rim extended itself above the horizon. The men shuddered, for they had seen the sign before, and they knew its import.

It was the comet Bella, which the earth, in its diurnal revolution, had once more brought within range of their vision.

Chalmers, shading his eyes, glared at it with haggard face.

"It is the end of all," he ejaculated, in an awe-struck tones. "The doom of the earth is at hand!"

CHAPTER XVII.

In all that terror-stricken world, the end of which was now so rapidly approaching, but few men remained staunch and strong, but few human hearts beat bravely and but few souls did not shrink from the awful fate with which they were confronted. Society was completely disorganized; there was no longer any attempt of government of mankind by man.

Commerce was dead. All mediums of exchange had lost their value. People entered the stores and helped themselves to whatever clothes they needed, or whatever provisions they could find. Sometimes they would offer to the solitary attendant, generally the proprietor, a financial equivalent for what they took, impelled to this by the strong habit grown out of custom, but the tradesman almost invariably refused to accept it. In the eleventh hour he was laying up treasure in heaven, and the eager and unscrupulous cheat of a week ago had become, as by magic, the generous, open-handed patron of poverty and want.

Scattered at remote distances from each other, there were certain small groups of men, who absorbed in the study of the comet, had by a mutual bond of scientific interest which even the fear of death could not make less intense, informally banded themselves together. They were men of all nationalities, all races and all creeds. Their sole desire was to perpetuate, for those of mankind who might be fortunate enough to be spared in the coming catastrophe a correct, scientific account of this extraordinary visitation, unparalleled in the history of the world.

This small army of scientists numbered in its ranks in the different countries of the world men of almost universal attainments; men who could, on an emergency, turn their hands to anythings. To properly observe the gradual development and the varying phases of the approaching comet, it was necessary that each observer should be in constant communication with all. When the telegraphers of the world forsook their posts, devoted men instantly took their places, and so the electric spark flashed as usual across the continents of two hemispheres, and the submarine cable beneath the waters of mighty seas spoke to the world with its message of living fire.

It was thus that Jerningham and Chalmers, both of whom possessed a sufficient knowledge of the art of telegraphy to be able to decipher or send a message, kept themselves informed, from the top of their lofty eyrie, of what was going on in the remotest parts of the habitable globe.

Up to the time of the comet's appearance above the edge of the eastern horizon, as it was visible to the two astronomers, the loss of human life on the earth had been unparalleled in the history of the human race. Like a blasting sirrocco the enormous flame cloud, with its nucleus of fierce and scorching heat, had withered everything in its course. In Asia, which bore the brunt of its first attack, tremendously destructive conflagrations had occurred. The city of Tokio, the chief human hive of far Japan, and the swarming centers of Hongkong, Pkin and Nankin had been blazing fiercely ever since the morning, for the comet had ignited the fragile and inflammable habitations of the natives by spontaneous combustion. And as the fiery scourge came nearer to the earth and that planet rolled over to meet it, the tale of disaster became still more heart-rending.

But as the news arrived that the cities of Calcutta and Bombay and Mandalay, the capital of Afghanistan, had been swept out of existence, and these extensive holocausts were followed by the complete destruction of Cabool and Merv, places many degrees to the northward, it became evident to the observers that the earth, affected in some way by the near approach of the celestral monster, was describing a zig-zag course as it rolled helplessly around through space. The very laws of nature were being set aside by the advent of the flaming terror.

A little later word came over the wires that the Shah of Persia had expired in Teheran in the palace of the Kasr-i-Kajar. The eastern despot had been suddenly seized with suffocation, had gasped and died. Then as the earth lurched to the south, Constantinople, which had appeared to be doomed, escaped with a slight singeing and an hour later Moscow and St. Petersburg were reduced to ashes, while the blazing monster, sweeping across the Baltic in a few minutes, had totally wiped out of existence the city of Christiania.

Then the savants of the New World breathed again. They calculated that if the comet continued on the same course, it might plunge itself into the Arctic seas, or by reason of the erratic motion of the earth, miss striking that planet altogether and shooting by at lightning speed, lose itself in the immensity of space.

This reassuring hope was at once flashed by telegraph to all the great cities of the American continent, but hardly had the crowds of people assembled around the bulletin boards commenced to take a little heart, than all were plunged once more into the deepest gloom by the appalling report that the earth had again careened over to the north and that the comet must infallibly describe a path along the 40th degree of latitude. This implied the total destruction of the populous states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, part of Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska. It was now calculated that the comet would fall somewhere in the region of the latter state. The scientists now believed that this would afford a better chance of escape to some of the numerous peoples of the globe than if, passing over the entire American continent, the flaming mass of molten material, weighing doubtless, billions of tons, should plunge into the Pacific ocean. In this latter event an explosion must ensue, which, from its extraordinary power, would inevitably destroy every living thing on the face of the globe.

At eleven o'clock that night the scene which the great city of New York, the metropolis of America, presented, was simply indescribable. A large number of the population, it is true, had fled, some to the north and some to the south—anywhere in order to be out of that doomed parallel along which the astronomers had predicted the comet would take its course. Yet there still remained crowded within the streets and squares of the imperial city vast multitudes of men, women and children, some utterly destitute of means wherewith to fly, and others apaprently rock-rooted by the strength of long habit to a place where they had passed so many years of their existence. The heat during the past week had been so intense and unbearable that multitudes of persons, unable any longer to support life within the confined areas of the downtown districts, had camped out in the Central Park and that splendid pleasure ground of the people now presented a picture well worthy the study of either the artist or the journalist, for in it every varying phase of human nature was to be noted and observed.

Scattered all over the thousand or more acres of woodland, lawn and shrubbery, the wretched inhabitants lay gasping for breath. Absolutely without food and content to snatch at intervals a draught of reeking water from the putrid lake, already contaminated by the neighborhood of such an immense mass of people, the weaker of the women lay in the pangs of approaching starvation, nursing their dying babes at breasts that no longer yielded the slightest nourishment, while gaunt with famine, the husbands and fathers and brothers of these unfortunates scoured the city in the hope that something might be found with which to sustain the breath of life in the bodies of their loved ones. Along the magnificent avenues, but a few weeks before the pride of the American Babylon and the centers of opulence and refinement, stalked bands of desperate men, who entered without fear the homes of the rich, for there was none to stay them, and helped themselves to anything they wanted. At first these men, finding themselves, apparently, the possessors of untold wealth, burdened themselves down with the richest trappings they could carry away, but growing weaker as the heat became more intense and the food scarcer, incontinently threw them away again, and the gutters of the city received as their spoil the choicest silks of India and Lyons and the finest products of the looms of Cashmere. In the great park hulking fellows lay on rich sofas under the trees, or maddened with suddenly-acquired wealth, which, however, would not purchase them a single loaf of bread, drove magnificent equipages recklessly along the gravel paths. All social order was at an end.

Such was the terrible condition of affairs in the chief city of America, when towards sundown of the last day, while yet the dreaded comet was below the horizon, an enormous flock of seabirds, driven before the intense heat of the approaching monster, flew in upon the land. These creatures, wearied by their prolonged flight, fell in an exhausted condition in the streets of the metropolis, and were eagerly seized upon for food by the starving inhabitants. Strong men tore with ravenous haste at the juicy flesh of the osprey and young children revived as their mothers, first cutting the throat of some plump gallinule, or egret suffered the red drops of life-giving fluid to trickle slowly down upon the parched tongues of their offspring. The despairing and ignorant populace seized upon this unexpected supply of food as a good omen and some declared that the God of their fathers had not deserted them. A fanatical exhorter compared this flight of seabirds with the falling of the manna in the wilderness and those who heard him went wild with joy.

FREE
A NEW CURE FOR
KIDNEY and BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges river, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Lithates, etc. which cause the disease.

Rev. John H. Watson, testifies in the *New York World* that it has saved him from the edge of the grave when dying of Kidney disease and terrible suffering when passing water. Mr. Calvin G. Bliss, North Brookfield, Mass., testifies to his cure of long standing Rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at the age of eighty-five, writes of his cure of dropsy, and swelling of the feet, Kidney disorder and Urinary difficulty. Many ladies, including Mrs. C. C. Fowler, Loc-town, N.J., and Mrs. Sarah Tharp, Montclair, Ind., also testify to its wonderful curative power in Kidney and allied disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may test the value of this great discovery we will send you by mail Free, One Large Case and our book of 1000 testimonials, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend this sure specific to others. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, 489 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Within two hours of the appearance of the birds, the heat began to grow more intense than ever. Then from the edge of the ocean a lurid light slowly increasing in brightness, shone forth, and flashing suddenly across the dun-colored, reeking sky, there appeared that flaming monster, which grew and grew and at last hovered high above them, increasing in the rapidity of its descent with every instant, for it had now been brought well within the attraction of the earth.

One of the little band of devoted observers confirmed the opinions which western scientists had conceived concerning the dimensions of the comet.

He telegraphed the appalling news that Sechi's observations from Italy were perfectly correct, that he had verified them, and that the flaming meteor was nearly three hundred miles in diameter, and that the nucleus alone exceeded eight hundred miles in height.

The savant had hardly sent this message over the wire, than he expired, but there were many such who died at the post of duty.

The giant mass now hung directly over the doomed city and great showers of meteors fell, burning, blazing brands. Castle Garden, where a few wretched, homeless emigrants lay, was the first building to be consumed, and a strong breeze from the upper bay carried the sparks in the direction of the city, the buildings of which were already as dry as tinder. A tremendous conflagration broke out on the west side, and the houses on Union Square, more exposed, perhaps, to the direct rays of the fiery scourge, seemed to kindle simultaneously into one long circle of fire.

The news was flashed to the trembling west—New York city was burning.

The great clock in Trinity church steeple, which sacred edifice had for a long time resisted the encroachment of the flames, proclaimed the hour of midnight. And then the clarillon, which had been set for a merry tune at daybreak, was put in motion in some unaccountable manner, and the chimes were faintly heard by the dying in the streets below. The New Yorkers were expiring amidst one of the greatest holocausts of history and with their national anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," ringing in their ears.

Attacking Chicago from the east, the comet spent its first force on the splendid buildings clustered along Michigan and Prairie avenues, and fires were started on the North and South sides which swept like destructive demons to the west. Before the fierce and consuming heat, the stoutest walls went down like card-board, and the weakness of the alleged fireproof structures which had so long been the boast of the great western city was sufficiently attested by their being almost the first to succumb to the flames.

In half an hour the closely-packed business center was a blazing caldron of living fire. The vast Masonic Temple, narrowing with its stupendous frontage the wide and spacious thoroughfare from which it arose, a huge architectural monstrosity, went down like a house of cards, a tangled mass of warped steel beams and terra-cotta veneering that had been shivered to fragments. The splendid Auditorium shriveled like a scroll, and went up in flame and smoke and flying, exploding masses of stone and marble. The enormous sky-scrapers on Dearborn street, tottered and fell. With terrific rapidity the blazing fiend, as it approached the earth, consumed, in one relentless holocaust, every edifice in the enormous city, brick, steel, wood, alike, as a thirsty camel, dying of drought in the desert, laps up a little pool of rain water which the rays of the sun have spared.

By three o'clock in the morning, the heat had become so overpowering at the summit of the mountain in California, that Chalmers and Jerningham dragged themselves beneath the foundations of the observatory. Here, where a great granite slab marked the resting place of their dead friend, the two astronomers remained partially sheltered from the terrific glare which made the whole vast valley for hundreds of miles below them as light as day, illuminating with an unearthly brightness the giant peaks even of the most remote of the Sierra Nevadas. At no great distance, they could now perceive, hung like a glowing meteor in the sky, that dreadful messenger of destruction, huge, flaming and terribly portentious, the great necleus growing visibly larger and larger, the enormous tail streaming up into the parched air, For an hour they lay thus, gasping, Jeningham, from time to time, noted with a pencil in a memoradum book some of the more curious features of the celestial visitor. His innate love of such things asserted itself in the very face of death.

Another hour passed. Instinctively the astronomer felt that the moment had come when the flaming mass would be precipitated upon the earth. He stretched out his hand and it fell upon the form of Chalmers.

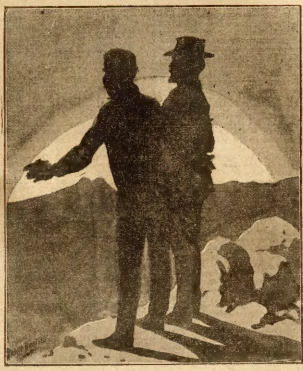
"Prepare yourself, my dear friend, for the worst," he murmured. "The supreme moment has arrived."

Chalmers, extended upon his back, his lower limbs drawn up in an attitude which betokened extreme agony, turned his aching, bloodshot eyes in the direction of his friend.

"Farewell," he contrived to utter, in a voice so low as scarcely to be heard above the thunder of the comet, the crackling of whose flames was now audible over the whole of the North American continent. "Farewell, may God have mercy on us!"

There was an indescribable concussion and a heavy jarring of the whole atmosphere, as if ten thousand monster ordnances had been simultaneously exploded, followed by a detonation so deep and so powerful that the solid mountain shook like a bucking horse beneath the two men. Great waves of wind swept with hurricane speed from the plains below. Mountain peaks, miles distant, reeled with the shock, tottered and fell. Rivers leaped from their beds and rushed upon the land; the earth yawned, and huge gulfs were opened and shut in her bosom in the twinkling of an eye; the whole globe quivered and reeled as if from the stroke of a titanic hand. Then there was a second detonation so appalling and so powerful that the very heavens seemed rent assunder.

A deathly silence ensued. The earth, struck by the gigantic missile, and deflected from its true orbit by the tremendous impact, trembled like a mere ball in space, and ceased to revolve upon its axis.



"It is the end of all."

Checked at its equatorial girth from a speed of nearly one thousand miles an hour to almost a sudden standstill, the stricken world, vibrating and heaving as with the shock of a million earthquakes, seemed about to forsake its allotted course and launch itself into boundless space. The seas, hitherto confined within their depths by the laws of gravity, arose in enormous walls of water and rushed landward, irristible, overpowering and in a volume inconceivable, majestic, sweeping before them like chips upon a cataract, the ruins of whole nations and mighty forests, all the monuments of the ancient and modern world.

Then followed a minute or two of breathless silence, during which the very universe seemed to stand still as if awaiting some tremendous catastrophe. The two men beneath the foundations of the observatory crawled into the open air and raised their bloodshot eyes towards the glowing heavens. Then they lowered them to the plain below, across which the raging flood, to an untold depth, was careering in its mighty course with a roar that hushed the crackling of the comet to a mere whisper. From that great height through an illuminated atmosphere which permitted of an extraordinary range of vision, they saw part of the great range of the Sierras suddenly collapse and dissipate like dust before the incalculable force thus opposed to it and upward and onward that enormous torrent raged and roared. Then there was a renewed trembling of the mountain on which they lay extended, and a gust of wind so fierce that it almost hurled them from the ground. There was a rumbling, deep down, as it were, in the very bowels of the earth, followed by a detonation which almost deprived them of consciousness. The whole universe seemed to be torn asunder by that terrific explosion. The seas had encountered the molten mass of the comet and the envelope of the globe was shattered from zone to poel.

Then all was still, save the noise of the returning waters, the irresistible sweep of the flood, as obedient to the law which had allotted its part in the universe, the earth resumed its natural functions. The force of the comet had spent itself, its burning necleus had become extinguished and its power for evil was at an end. With a slow and almost imperceptible motion the whole great mass of the planet began again to revolve from west to east, and with the same undeviating steadiness which had always marked its diurnal course. And the seas, seeking their beds again, cut new and enormous channels through the mountains, as a resistless engine plows through a bank of light and yielding snow.

With every edifice built by man the great observatory which the dead Californian had reared to benefit his fellows had also fallen, and lay in a heap of chaotic ruin on the summit of the enormous mountain, and beside it lay two men, slowly returning with the gradually cooling atmosphere, back to life and a ruined world. What would they find?

This story, which develops the most extraordinary happenings in future chapters, will be continued in next week's Ledger. Anyone desiring to become a regular subscriber will find our offer of free cameras and free patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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◆

Typewriting.

An expert amanuensis and typewritist, such are as a rule employed by first-class business houses, will take from dictation (stenographic notes) and transcribe on the typewriter all the way from 100 to 150 letters a day, averaging about 100 words per letter, by which calculation he will write from 10,000 to 15,000 words per day, which in almost all cases he will be obliged to do within seven or eight working hours. Taking matters on the machine from dictation (direct), however, is a different proposition, an expert typewritist working by this method being able to average from 3,000 to 3,500 words per hour for a stretch of eight hours. Of course his first hour will naturally be his best, in which he will be able to "bat out" something like 4,000 to possibly 5,000 words. A fair average when transcribed from manuscript or notes is 2,000 words per hour.

◆

French Hire System.

The paternal government of France has provided hire-purchasers with a new and ingenious method of raising the wind. A court decided that articles bought on the hire-purchase system can be sold on the day after receipt, and the hirer is not liable to prosecution so long as he keeps up the regular payment of the installments. The impecunious Frenchman' is consequently now able to realize the value of a grand piano or a set of dining room chairs at the initial expense of a single month's installment. This is better than the Mont de Piete.

◆

He'd heard of wireless telegrams,
And horses that are carriageless,
And why should it surprise him that
Engagements eke are marriageless?

A RASCAL'S EXPIATION.

"The worst quarter of an hour I ever knew a man to spend," said Norton to his guest, an old acquaintance of Mrs. Norton, who had come in unannounced and been asked to luncheon, "was when Jack Vanderiff played host to a fellow named Washburn."

Mrs. Norton had left the table, and Norton and the visitor were busy with cigars. They were a strangely contrasted pair. Norton was dark, with clear-cut features; the other had rather repulsive, light-blue eyes, and his face was marked by lines of dissipation. One would have judged, though, that he was of the cleverly self-indulgent rather than of the openly riotous type. His mustache drooped, but not sufficiently to conceal a weak mouth and a still weaker chin, smooth shaven.

"Dear me," mused Norton, "you and I never had the pleasure of meeting until today, and yet I am going to tell you a story I have held secret for years. Mrs. Norton informs me that you and she were great friends in days gone by. In fact, she has told me so much that I feel as though I had known you myself for a long while."

Norton's guest looked as pleasant as his face would permit

"Now," Norton went on, in a confidential tone. "I shall tell you how that bad quarter of an hour came to pass. Jack Vanderiff had the best wife that a man was ever blessed with. She was beautiful, she was devoted, she was good. But it seems that when she was only a girl of seventeen this fellow Washburn set about to betray her. He had a smooth tongue, pleasing manners, a clever accomplishment or two—and a black heart. Of course, the girl couldn't see the heart. Washburn told her that he loved her—and you can guess the rest. You shouldn't condemn the girl, for you must remember that Washburn was ten years older, a man of the world, and knew just what he was doing—which his victim did not know, until too late. He was a pleading, polished devil, they say.

"Washburn used the girl as fellows of his stamp usually do—shamelessly. He petted her, advised her, kept her near him when he wanted her, made pleasant excuses when he didn't, and simply poisoned her existence. For a time she made the pitiful mistake of believing that the only man who could honor her was the one who had dishonored her—the flower paid homage to the serpent.

"At length, having other interests, he dropped her. You see, a rascal doesn't marry the girl he blights. He told her he wasn't good enough for her—which in the case of which I am speaking certainly was true."

Norton smiled at his guest, who responded, weakly.

"Of course, you want to know about that bad quarter of an hour," Norton went on; "excuse me for making the story long, but you find it interesting, eh?"

"Yes," admitted the listener.

"The strangest part of it," continued Norton, "was that the girl didn't go to destruction when she realized that she was left to her fate. Nobody had guessed the actual status of affair, for Washburn had posed as a loyal friend to the fatherless family; everyone concerned moved in good society, and the girl—ah, she was too much of a woman to be dragged down. She was proud, and so far the superior of the scoundrel who deceived her that she rose above it all. She lived in silent anguish for three years and then—she loved.

"If once there had been a song on her lips, now there was a prayer in her soul. The depth of her love and her high sense of honor redeemed her from the damnation of her past. For she told Vanderiff the story when he asked for her hand in marriage. It was the tragedy of his life. But he couldn't give her up; it was the love of his life as well as the tragedy.

"Can you imagine how Vanderiff hated the liar and betrayer who had stolen the priceless gift which should have been his?"

The silence was hideous.

"Try!" said Norton, "you will appreciate the story better."

Norton's guest attempted to frame a reply. But his lips were dry, and obviously not ready for effective comment.

Norton leaned across the table again and continued:

"You see the real man in this case had some queer, old-fashioned notions of chivalry which made him respect the woman's honor in telling him, and he still wished to marry her. And, really, I can't believe he loved her any the less; only the strength of his love for her was measured by the depth of his hatred for Washburn. I suppose it would be impossible for any one not directly concerned in a matter of this kind to conceive of the deep hatred Vanderiff entertained for this rascal whom he had never seen.

"After their marriage Vanderiff and his wife used to lie awake at night, sometimes, their faces wet with each other's tears. Often she sobbed in her sleep, out of her great love for her husband, and he—why, the man would have held one of his hands in a white-hot furnace till it withered if by so doing he might have clutched the throat of his enemy with the other!"

A faint sound escaped from Norton's guest. The description was realistic.

"And do you know," Norton went on again, flicking the ash from his cigar but never taking his eyes from those of his auditor, "there were unquestionably times when this husband would have killed him on sight; but he waited, because he had to. My dear boy, you don't know how long it seemed. The fellow was out west somewhere, and the husband couldn't once get a line on him. Isn't it unfortunate that you mustn't shoot a reptile, merely because he wears men's clothes?"

"Shoot?" gasped Norton's guest.

"Yes, kill! But you can't guess. One day he returned to this city and actually remembered the girl whom he had found so charming years before. And when he learned that she hadn't gone to ruin during his absence he proceeded to look her up. Heavens, sir! think of that! The moment he found out there had been no declension on her part, all the old feelings he had cherished for her as an innocent girl came back to him, and were impressed upon his fastidious taste. No wife was purer than she, none dearer; and he was as true a gentleman as ever; so very particular, you understand, as becomes a gentleman! A gentleman, sir! Do you hear what I say?"

The query was abrupt. The wineglass which Norton's guest had clutched nervously fell to the floor. It was broken.

Norton's guest was annoyed; his face was white; he glared at the clock, which seemed to tick with fearful loudness. Each of the thirty ticks before Norton spoke might have been counted.

Norton rose to his feet; his voice was tense; it rang out like a knell.

"This gentleman sneaked to the husband's home one day; the husband happened to be there, and insisted on his staying to luncheon—wanted to entertain him, you know; recognized him by having seen his picture; decided to say a few things to him—to tell him a story before he—killed him! Curse you——"

There was a rush of blood to his head, and the listener dropped to the floor. Norton's guest was dead—dead as a dead dog; and quite as sublime a spectacle.

Apoplexy, the phyicians said.

◆

FOOD AND NEURALGIA.

The Right Food Will Drive It Away.

Good food cures neuralgia and many other diseases if it is the right kind of food and taken regularly, for the proper food will surely rebuild the cellular tissues and build the right kind of cells instead of diseased cells. When the rebuilding is under way the disease leaves.

That is the fact and the base of the food cure. There are hundreds of thousands of cases to prove the truth of this assertion.

A man in Delaware, Ia., Mr. Thomas Cravens, says: "My wife has been greatly afflicted with neuralgia and has never found any medicine that would cure her.

I was told that if she could be fed on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food for a time she would probably get well, so we started on Grape-Nuts. Within a very short time Wife became entirely free from pain and is now, to all appearances, entirely cured of her trouble.

We cannot find words to express our appreciation of the beneficial results from this greatest food in existence, Grape Nuts."

◆

Origin of "John Bull."

The name John Bull has outlived at least two centuries and has entered on a third and is as popular today with Englishmen as it was once with their enemies. There was a John Bull in history—a musician of great ability, who played the organ at the royal chapel in London, but it was not after him that the English race was "nicknamed." The real John Bull died nearly a hundred years before the unreal John came into existence in Arbuthnot's satirical history of Europe, a book which leaped into fame at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Queen Anne was the Mrs. Bull of Arbuthnot's famous book and the picture the author drew of John was that of "an honest, plain-dealing fellow—choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper. He was very apt to quarrel with his best friends. If you flattered him you might lead him as a child."

Taking the traditional John at his worst, the English have little to complain of in comparison with other races. Arbuthnot appears to have been a sort of rechristener of Europe and the names he found for many European nations have lived long after him. He it was who named the Frenchman "Lewis Baboon," which Arbuthnot preferred to the old name of "Johnny Crapaud," suggested by the three frogs which formed the heraldic device of the old French kings. "What will the frogs say?" was the common court phrase at Versailles, "the frogs" being the way the courtiers spoke of the Parisians. "Nicholas Frog" was Arbuthnot's name for the Dutchman and his name for Germany is quite as bad. It is "Cousin Nicholl," which, being interpreted, means "Cousin Gourmand,' 'and is intended to indicate one who is slow, heavy and simple.

There are only two nations whose nicknames are commonly used all over the world. John Bull and Uncle Sam are familiar wherever English is spoken, and Uncle Sam is, of course, Brother Jonathan, too. When Washington was in need of ammunition he called together a council of his officers, but with no result, and as the council broke up without arriving at a decision Washington said, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," meaning Jonathan Trumbull, the popular governor of Connecticut. Jonathan found a "way out," and his name has ever since been honored. The origin of "Uncle Sam" is associated with a much more trifling incident. There is said to have been a store on the Hudson river kept by Elbert Anderson and his uncle, Samuel Wilson, and the uncle was familiarly known as Uncle Sam. The stores were marked in big letters, "E. A.—U. S.," meaning Elbert Anderson, United States," but the men at the store preferred to interpret the letters to stand for Uncle Sam. It was one of the absurd trifles which sometimes grow and weave themselves into the humor of a nation, and in the course of time Uncle Sam grew to be the commonly accepted nickname of America as a whole.

◆

The trouble with the average woman's will is that it has too many codicils.

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Cuba will have to wait, whether it can or not.

Nearly every woman on earth has lost a pocketbook at some stage of her career.

General Funston may be the "high-toned despot" that Mr. Kipling is looking for.

Methuselah was fortunate enough to have lived before patent medicines were invented.

Occasionally a woman uses a hammer to drive a tack—if there is no hairbrush handy.

The man who kicks himself for having made a fool of himself only adds insult to injury.

An agreeable man is one who consents to being taught things which he already knows.

The long and short of it is that much of the anti-trust legislation is entirely untrustworthy.

A British division is still out after Dewet. Well, the British know what chances they are taking.

Clothes do not make the man, but his tailor frequently gives him an expensive appearance.

Some pretty women are unconscious of their beauty, but the majority are not even momentarily forgetful.

Those who are satisfied with what they have accomplished will never become famous for what they might accomplish.

The average man never fully realizes the truth of the adage about a fool and his money until after he has bumped up against some other man's game.

J. Pierpont Morgan has taken a $12,500,000 mortgage on Chile. There are only a few back counties left for Mr. Morgan to acquire.

Mascagni is writing a new opera with Marie Antoinette as the principal character. Heavens, is the historical opera to come next?

Museum managers complain of the lack of freaks. Physical freaks may be scarce, but there seems to be no lack of the intellectual variety.

One Western editor declares that the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives is an oligarchy. It's worse than that; it's a cinch.

"The Truth About the Schley Case," has just been published in a book. It supports Maclay. If this doesn't cause more trouble we may hope that it is really ended.

A cable dispatch says that Venezuelan revolutionists have just won an important victory. Unfortunately, however, the correspondent neglected to report which revolution these revolutionists belong to.

The Wizard of the Waves;

Or,

The Black Flag Privateer.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Begun in No. 10, March 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.
AN UNINVITED GUEST.

Since their first meeting, Don Eusebio had been smitten with Ruby, for he had learned that she was an heiress, while his own eyes told him that she was beautiful, and her wit he had frequent occasion to appreciate.

Attending the ball and being unable to select Ruby and her father out from the crowd of masqueraders, the Lieutenant had withdrawn his own mask in hopes Captain Ramelle would recognize him and make himself known, which the Captain did, and the two went in search of the maiden, to at last find her in the conservatory with Rafael.

Ere ten minutes had passed, after the Spaniard had joined Ruby, one of the ushers of the ball approached, and calling Don Eusebio one side, whispered to him in an excited manner.

"Impossible, but yet it may be; come, let me present you to Captain Ramelle, who knows the fellow's face even better than I do," said the Spaniard, in an earnest manner, as he drew the usher forward, and presenting him to the American, said:

"Captain, this gentleman informs me that there is an uninvited guest present in the ball room in the person of Rafael, the Sea Wizard!"

"Impossible!"

"So I told him, sir, but he says that he was seen to enter, by a person who tracked him here and who knows him well, but as that person was allowed to depart at once, without describing how he was dressed, it is the intention of the committee to make known the circumstance, and request the assemblage to file through the ante room, and then back into the ball room, each one unmasking, while those who know the pirate stand by to recognize him, and I am requested to be one of the number to identify him."

Ruby's heart almost ceased to beat but the hope that the good fortune of the buccaneer would yet attain him, and that perhaps he had already passed out before the discovery of his presence, revived her, but she nerved herself to at once search the room, and if she saw the rover to warn him of his great danger.

"Will Captain Ramelle also stand by the doorway with us?" asked the usher.

"Yes; if it is requested of me; come, Ruby, I will leave you with Woodbridge and Clarice," and the Captain offered his arm, which the maiden had hardly leant upon ere the object of their conversation approached the conservatory entrance.

Observing them, he hesitated, but for an instant, and then Ruby called out to him, saying:

"Mighty Chief of the Natchez, we have need of your services as a scout, to track to his lair the great buccaneer, Rafael, who is said, to have, uninvited, entered these gay scenes under cover of a mask."

"So has the red warrior heard, beautiful Pocahontas, but let the pale faces find their own enemy, and let them be wary, for 'tis said the trail of the sea-rover cannot be found," replied the deep tones of the disguised Rafael, and there was something in his voice that gave confidence to Ruby, while Captain Ramelle remarked:

"I cannot understand how Rafael can be here, when only a short time since we chased him into the Gulf, and of his fate we remain in doubt."

"True, but he is said to be allied with the Evil One, and there is no knowing what he will do," said the usher, with some show of superstition.

"Come, Captain Ramelle, we will now assemble in the ante-room and catch this arch robber," said Lieutenant Constaro, and the party moved away, Ruby turning upon the buccaneer an imploring glance to save himself; but he bowed low and walked away with a firm and confident step.

A few moments more and it became known through the crowded rooms that Rafael, the great Sea Wizard, was in their midst, and the wildest excitement prevailed for many looked upon the pirate as a kind of human monster.

The doors were closed and soldiers placed around them, while every avenue of escape was guarded, and then the manager of the ball arose, and told those in attendance that he must beg that they would be put to the inconvenience of forming a line and marching through the ante room and thence again into the salon, each one being also expected to unmask in presence of certain persons, to whom the buccaneer's face was well-known.

With fear and trembling, Ruby Ramelle went with her father and stood at the door of the ante room, where she could plainly see everyone who approached, and her heart stood still as the signal was given for the column to move, for she could not but admit to herself that the rover had gained over her an influence which no other man had ever made her feel before.

Presently the masqueraders moved forward, all more or less interested in the cause of the strange proceeding, and as they reached the door of the ante-chamber, where the committee stood, both male and female raised their masks, and anxiously the judges peered into their faces, to motion them onward with a look of disappointment.

Steadily the line moved on, until a woman dressed in the gorgeous costume of a Vivandiere, paused in the doorway and said, softly:

"I am a woman and I beg that you will allow me to remain unmasked, please."

The accent was slightly French, the voice sweet and pleasant, but the committee had determined to view every face; oh, yes, the daring buccaneer should not escape under the garb of a female, and one of the committee, a pompous young Frenchman, said, insultingly:

"If you were not ashamed of your face, you would not be ashamed to show it—unmask, and at once, for you detain the line."

"I am a woman, and I positively decline," mildly, but firmly replied the Vivandiere, who possessed an elegant figure, and was graceful in every motion.

"But you shall," cried the young man, and ere anyone could prevent, he tore the blue silk mask from the wearer, displaying a beautiful face, but one flushing scarlet from shame, and wearing an indignant look at the insult offered her.

"You are a coward to do such an infamous act, and for it I shall punish you," cried a stern, ringing voice, and all started back as the Indian Chief advanced and dealt the Frenchman a blow in the face that sent him reeling to the floor.

Immediately there was the wildest excitement, and Ruby, who witnessed the act and saw who the woman's defender was, felt a dread that all was over now with the buccaneer chief, who, after his just and daring act, folded his arms across his broad breast, and quietly awaited the result.

The Frenchman rose to his feet in a terrific rage, but, as if measuring the chances against attacking the disguied man, he shouted forth:

"You shall give me satisfaction for that!"

"Certainly, monsieur; I can be found at the cabaret of one Monsieur Auguste, in the Rue St. Phillipe; ask for Captain Ralph," and the buccaneer started to move on, when one of the committee said politely:

"Pardon, monsieur; but monsieur has forgotten to unmask."

"True, a glance will suffice to show you I am not him that you seek," and, taking off the scarlet mask, the act displayed a handsome face covered with a long, black silken beard, that completely hid the features from the eyes downward.

To all present the face appeared unknown and Ruby drew a sigh of relief, for in the heavily-bearded man before her, she could see no resemblance to the Rafael of half an hour before; yet, she knew it could be no other, and a long look into his eyes convinced her that it was indeed the rover but how he had disguised himself thus, she could not imagine.

Bowing smilingly to the committee, Rafael moved on, his face still unmasked, and with another bow to Ruby and her party, walked from the room, descended into the street, and at a quick pace started for his lodgings at Auguste's cabaret.

As rapid as was his pace, he was overhauled by a follower, whose soft voice he at once recognized, as she said:

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Capitain, but I must thank you for your kind act in my behalf tonight."

"It was just what I would have done under any circumstances, ma belle Helene, but may I ask what the beautiful wife of my friend, Auguste, was doing at the ball?" and Rafael smiled slightly.

"Ah, monsieur, you will not betray me to my husband, for he will be very angry; but it was I that procured you the ticket, from my brother, who is a printer, and I had him print me one, too; but Auguste would never forgive me, for he cannot understand why I should like to go to the balls of the rich people. Ah, me, I wish I was other than poor Helene, the wife of a restarateur," and the pretty little woman sighed heavily.

"It is better to bear with the ills we have, ma belle Helene, than to fly to others we know not of, 'tis said; but do you know the young Frenchman who unmasked you?"

"Yes, monsieur; he is the Chevalier de Moultrie, a young man of a family half Spanish, half French, and possessor of vast wealth, and, monsieur, he is a splendid swordsman, 'tis said, and but last week killed the only son of a poor widow, because he rivaled him in love, and the poor mother is dying of a broken heart, they say."

"Then if he crosses my path, I shall deprive the Franco-Spanish family of its heir, if only to avenge the slain youth," said Rafael, with considerable show of anger.

"But, Monsieur le Capitain, how was it you so soon disguised yourself, for you went not wearing that horrid beard that hides your handsome face, to the ball, and knowing you, from your dress, I feared you were lost."

"Madame Helene, you are a sad flatterer, but to answer your question, a man who carries his life in his hand, as I do, must never depend upon disguise, and hence I had with me the beard, and beneath this buckskin suit I wear another costume, but here we are at the cabaret of good Auguste, and while I send him for a bottle of good wine from his cellar, you had better hie to your room, if you wish not to have him know you have been to the ball, and, ma belle," he continued, calling after her, "if you would be happy in this life, take my advice, and never try to aspire to a society beyond your reach, and a society, believe me, that has more unhappiness hidden beneath its mask of wealth than has the under-current to which you belong."

"Monsieur, from you I will take any advice; again I thank you; au revoir," and the gay young wife darted into the private door of the cabaret, while Rafael passed in through the brilliantly lighted saloon, for it was not yet the hour of midnight.

Auguste observed the entrance of his commander and quickly went toward him, hurrying him into the back room, where he said:

"Thank heaven, you are back, for I feared for you, as in some way, your presence in the city has become known, sir; but as soon as I heard the rumor I ran off to the workmen, and urged that they should keep day and night, at the task, until all is in readiness for the schooner."

"You are worth your weight in gold, Auguste, and your faithfulness to me, I fully appreciate; I wonder who it is that could have betrayed me? But, Auguste, I expect a little affair on hand tomorrow, and I must leave for the schooner at once, but I will send my young officer, Master Leo, to await the coming of the messenger from a Frenchman whose impertinence I resented tonight.

"Give the lad my quarters, and mind you do not let la belle Helene see him or you'll have cause for jealousy."

"No fear of that, sir, for my pretty wife loves me too dearly to ever deceive me; but I'll serve the youth well, Captain, for your sake."

A half hour later Rafael left the cabaret and, mounting a horse Auguste had ordered for him, was soon dashing along at a rapid pace on the road leading out of the city and in the direction of the shores of Lake Ponchartrain.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE DUELLO.

Rapidly the rover rode along for a number of miles, and then the waters of the lake were visible before him, and he turned his horse into a pathway leading along the shore, and after a ride of half a mile came to a thickly wooded point of land, which seemed to be the sheltering land arm of a small inlet, nothing more, in fact, than a basin, wherein, indistinctly seen, lay a vessel at anchor, the high trees rising above her high masts, and the entrance to the little harbor, winding and but forty feet wide, rendering it a most secure hiding place from an approach, either by shore or sea.

A sharp whistle from Rafael caused a voice from the schooner to ask:

"Who comes?"

"Buenos nochez, senor," replied Rafael, and a respectful, "All right, sir; I'll send the boat," proved that the guard had recognized the secret password.

A moment more and the rover stood in the schooner's cabin, which the luxurious taste of the Spanish commander, who was to have been her captain, had fitted up in a manner really magnificent.

"Well, Leo, you still up? Ah, my boy, you will ruin your bright eyes," said the rover, kindly.

"I could not sleep while my noble benefactor was exposed to so great danger," returned the youth, and Rafael replied:

"It is just as well, for I wish you to go at once to New Orleans, taking the horse I rode out, and seek there the cabaret of our friend, Auguste, and he will give you quarters until your mission is fulfilled.

"To explain, last night I struck a young Chevalier de Moultrie, for insulting a woin public, and gave my name as Monsieur Ralph, and my residence at the cabaret of Auguste; there De Moultrie will send a challenge, for I know him by reputation, and I wish you to arrange for me, choosing whatever weapons you choose, and appointing the rendezvous at the lake shore, in a grove which I will show you, about a half

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The Wizard of the Waves.

(Continued.)

a mile from here; the hour just before sunset tomorrow, or rather today, for it is after twelve now. Do you understand, Leo?"

"Fully, my Captain, but I wish that you would not risk your life with every worthless fellow that crosses your path. He does not know you, and take my advice and let it pass."

"No, Leo; I know you speak from your heart; there were witnesses to the act who do know me in my character of Rafael, the rover, and I must have my own way, so get ready at once. You are too well schooled in the management of affairs of honor to need any instructions from me."

The youth was soon ready, and half an hour after the rover and Leo stood together in the grove, where the rendezvous was to be held, and then they parted, the youthful officer to mount the horse and go on to New Orleans, while Rafael returned leisurely to his schooner, and shortly after was sound asleep in his cabin, for coming dangers haunted not his slumbers.

* * * * * * * * *

It was near the hour of sunset, the day following the mask ball, that Ruby called to Clarice and begged her to accompany her upon a stroll in the woods adjacent to the grounds of Lakeside Retreat.

Clarice was more than willing, for all day long Ruby had seemed distant, and she felt that she had some confession to make to her, for the two cousins were confidants in the fullest sense of the word.

Together they walked away from the gardens, and wandering towards the lake shore, where, in a rude arbor thrown up by some fishermen wrecked there years before, they sat down, and Ruby told Clarice that she could not but admit she was really deeply interested in the daring and handsome pirate chief.

"I do not condemn you, Ruby, for, from what I have heard of him, I half love him myself, and I was never more interested in my life, than when your father told of his coming aboard his vessel, his noble service afterwards, his lionlike courage, wonderful swordsmanship, and afterwards his capture of the Spanish schooner, and daring running of the river gauntlet. Why, I declare he is my beau ideal—if he would only not rob on the high seas. Oh, that I could meet him."

"Clarice, you have met him, for Rafael it was who gave me my Indian suit, disguising himself as a chief."

"Oh, Lordy massy, as old Aunt Dinah would say; but only to think a real live pirate chief in our very garden; and, Ruby, to have a corsair in love with you is just too much happiness—provided he don't carry you off," and the wild girl seemed delighted at the idea of being a heroine, while Ruby continued:

"But that is not all, Clarice, for he was at the ball, dressed as the Indian chief, and we had a long talk together, and I promised to meet him tomorrow evening in the garden, just at sunset ,and you must go with me, dear coz."

"Now, this is romantic, but, then, Ruby, do you think you can trust him, for, after all I'd rather not be a pirate's bride, now I come to think the matter over, and he may have some good-looking young officers who might select me."

"Stop your silly speeches, Clarice, and be in earnest. I promised to meet him, because he unmasked himself, and would not cover his face until I did; and, coz, you must go with me."

"Well, I'll go, for I do like romantic adventures, and this is certainly the quintessence of it—a tryste with a corsair, but, Ruby, you said, and so did your father, that the Sea Wizard, as men call him, had a dark, handsome face, with brown curls, and a long black mustache of the same shade, while his eyes were brilliant, but exceedingly sad looking; yet, the Indian chief who so gallantly resented the insult to that young girl, whose protector not being with her, De Moultrie was so unmanly with, was a man with a heavy black beard, reaching down upon his breast, and his hair was long and black."

"I know it, Clarice; but it was the rover; yet how he so quickly disguised himself, I know not; you know his character, though of being a wizard."

"And I should say he deserved it—oh, goodness, look yonder!" and Clarice pointed through the opening in the arbor to a carriage, which stopped some hundred feet away, and from which dismounted three gentlemen, one of whom she recognized as a celebrated city surgeon, and the others as Chevalier de Moultrie and a Spanish officer, whom Ruby pronounced at once as Don Eusebio Constaro.

"Ye gods and godesses!" exclaimed Clarice, who was given to using strong expressions, "but we are in for more than romance—behold!" and as she spoke three other persons were seen approaching the spot where the first party stood, and in the tall, graceful form in advance Ruby recognized Rafael, the Sea Wizard, wearing the same black beard he had worn before the committee, while following him came Leo, whom she had seen on the Sentinel the night of the frigate's attack, and another person who was unknown to her, for she had never met Gervaise Lafond, the first officer of the rover's vessel.

"I see all now; a duel is the result of that blow given De Moultrie. I might have known his hot French and Spanish blood would not brook it without revenge, for he has sent a number of poor fellows to their last home, for a less cause, and he is greatly feared; but I think the Chevalier has met his match now, and that easy, confident manner he wears, would languish a little did he know his adversary was Rafael, the Sea Wizard."

"Yes, Clarice; but, thank God, he came not undisguised, for then Constaro would have known him."

"Yes; and gotten the worst of it, had he attempted to take him, if I may judge from the looks of Rafael's eyes," returned Clarice, speaking with strange decision and indifference to the scene before her, for the maiden came of a noble race, and she could face any danger coolly, were it necessary to do so, in spite of her dashing manner and flippant conversation she frequently indulged in.

"Cousin Clarice, this is terrible; can we not escape from here?" cried Ruby, covering her face with her hands.

"No; we would be seen, and that ill suits our purpose. We will remain, for those men are no bunglers, and the work will soon be over."

"And with what result, it is horrible to think."

"True, Ruby, for one of them, if not both, will fall, and, if only for the crimes De Moultrie has at his door, I hope he will meet his just punishment. See, there is the young officer you called Leo, is he not wonderfully handsome, and, Ruby, there is something in his face that draws me strangely towards him. Am I to love a pirate, also?"

"Clarice!"

"Forgive me, coz; I meant not to wound; but I never was so drawn towards anyone in my life."

"And his face recalls some memory I cannot recall of the past; but, Clarice, are we safe here; will they not discover us?"

"No; they are twenty yards away and so taken up with themselves that they will not watch outsiders. See! The youth Leo is handing his sword to his chief, who takes it in a most nonchalant manner, and is now shaking hands with the young man, and now with that dissipated but stylish-looking man that came with them.

"Why, Ruby, the Wizard is as cool as though he was going to sword practice, instead of deadly combat, and De Moultrie is equally as cool, while a devilish smile rests on his face, and he is joking with his companions.

"It is terrible to see men so unconcerned upon the very brink of the grave," and Clarice continued her murmuring whispered observations, while Ruby, with her face him in her hands remained a passive listener.

Suddenly the clash of steel meeting steel smote on their ears, and the two weapons had crossed, the Chevalier de Moultrie making rapid lunges from the first, as though anxious to show his friends how soon he could end the affair his own way, for he had never met his equal as a swordsman or a shot.

But I will let Clarice's words to Ruby inform the reader of the combat.

"Ruby," she explained, after the adversaries had been engaged a minute or more, "as I live, De Moultrie seems to be losing confidence, for he expected to at once run the pirate through; yes, he is giving ground while the rover appears to be only playing with him."

"Thank God!"

"Yes; the pirate has it all his own way, for he has driven De Moultrie back twenty steps, and I never saw such easy and graceful skill; really, that Rafael is wonderful—there! De Moultrie's sword is struck from his grasp, and the pirate has his foot upon it, and his weapon at opponent's heart."

"Quick! Oh, God, does he slay him?"

"No; he has lowered the weapon and De Moultrie, as white as a ghost, is cursing him."

"Thank heaven, he did not kill him," ejaculated Ruby, fervently.

"Yes; it was noble in him, but, oh, have mercy, Mary Mother! De Moultrie demands another meeting with pistols, and—and——"

"And what, Clarice?"

"And the youth has turned to the other friend of the Chief, and they are discussing together; yes, now Don Eusebio joins them, and it is arranged with—pistols."

"I feared it, I feared it."

"And so did I, for I dread firearms in the duello, for they are merciless, but with swords a merciful man can spare his antagonist—yes, they have already taken their stands, and De Moultrie has lost his self-confidence, while the rover is, if anything, more cool than before. Ruby, I admire that man, and—hark!"

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" was heard in the stern tones of Gervaise Lafond.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

No sound came from De Moultrie, he merely bowed, and then even the brave Clarice covered her eyes to shut out the terrible sight; but the sound of the rover lieutenant's voice came to them, saying:

"One! Two! Three! Fire!"

The crack of the pistols drowned the words, and a despairing cry was heard of, "He has slain me; quick, doctor, hold up my head, for I am blind. I am—oh, Holy Mother, forgive me, and heaven forgive me, for I die unconfessed, with all my crimes to press me down to perdition. Miserere! miserere!"

Both maidens knew the voice. It was that of De Moultrie.

"Ruby, he is dead; he has sunk back in the arms of the surgeon, to sleep his last sleep."

"Oh, how terrible; but, Clarice, what of the rover?"

"He is standing near with folded arms, gazing sadly, I think, upon poor De Moultrie, while Leo is kneeling beside the physician, as if to be of service; the Spaniard and the pirate lieutenant both seem indifferent, for the latter is lighting a cigar, while the former is gathering up the weapons used by his principal and putting them in the carriage, and, oh, Ruby, you should see how scared that darkey coachman looks. Why, his eyes are like saucers, and at the crack of a whip he would dart off at full speed," and something of the natural gay tone of Clarice came back moentarily.

A few moments more and the Sea Wizard walked away, followed by his two companions, after which the surgeon and Don Eusebio placed the body of De Moultrie in the carriage, which immediately drove citywards, while the maidens, at last relieved from their place of concealment, started with rapid steps for the mansion, for it was growing dark, where they made known to Mrs. Orville and Captain Ramelle and Chester Woodbridge, who were also present, the awful scene they had witnessed, hiding, however, the true character of the rover, and speaking of him as the Indian chief of the masquerade.

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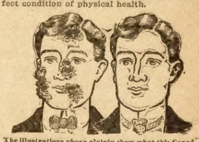

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Cash for REAL ESTATE no matter where it is. Send description and cash price and get my wonderfully successful plan. W. M. OSTRANDER, North American Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

COFFEE TOOK IT.

Robbed the Doctor of His Cunning.

"I was compelled to drink some Java coffee yesterday morning and suffered so much from its effects that I feel like writing you at once.

I am 61 years old and for a great many years have been a coffee drinker. My nerves finally got into a terrible condition and for about two years I suffered with sinking spells and was so nervous that it seemed as though I could hardly live. I suffered untold agonies. My heart would stop and my kidneys gave me no end of trouble.

About six months ago I gave up coffee for good and began using Postum. I insisted on knowing that it was properly made by being sufficiently boiled, and I prefer a cup of rich Postum to Java, Mocha or any other coffee.

My sinking spells have left me, my head gives me no trouble now, the kidneys are greatly improved, and, in fact, I feel a great change in my whole body. It is such a comfort to be well again.

I know a physician in San Antonio who had become so nervous from the use of coffee that his hand trembled so badly that he could not hold a lancet, or even take a splinter out, and could scarcely hold anything in his hand. Finally he quit coffee and began using Postum. Now the doctor's nervousness is all gone and he is in good health.'. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Sensitive Organ.

The manager came before the curtain with his I-deeply-regret-to-state face on, and said to the waiting throng:

"I shall have to ask the indulgence of the audience a few minutes while Madam Primdon recovers the use of her vocal chords, which were severely strained just now by yawning over some verses that were sent to her by an admirer."

Merely Keeping His Fortune.

Weary Walker—No, ma'am; I ain't dirty from choice, I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soapmaker onct an' promised "to use no udder."

Mrs. Housetop—Well, why do you not use that?

Weary Walker—Because, ma'am, dat firm failed jist after the civil war.

Momentarily Surprised.

"Your vote in favor of the measure," said the lobbyist, "would be worth millions to you—"

"Hardly so much as that!" gasped Senator Graphter, his fingers working convulsively.

"—in the consciousness of having done your duty to your countrymen."

The eager light died out of the senator's eyes, and he relapsed into his former apathy.

Facts in the Case.

Mlle. De Fuclose (the burlesque queen)—I called to correct an error in your paper. You say that I am "staring in 'The Amazonian Picnic.'"

Editor—That is a mistake in the types, madam. It should have been "starring."

Mlle. de Fuclose—Well, it is the audience that is staring—I want that understood.

Almost True.

"Now," commenced the attorney for the green goods men, "it is stated that when you discovered that the tin box held sawdust you exploded with laughter. How do you reconcile this statement with wrath?"

"It ain't exactly the facts, judge," said the plaintiff. "I acknowledge that I was busted, but I deny that I laughed."

Truth at Last.

"So this is what I married you for, is it?" said the angry wife, as she helped the other half of the combination up the stairs the other morning just as the clock struck 2.

"Can't (hic) shay, my dear," answered the weary husband, "but it's what I (hic) doubled up with you (hic) for, jusser same."

The Standard of Purity.

"That manager of that polite vaudeville theater gives me a feeling of weariness," said the contortionist.

"So?" inquired the ventriloquist.

"Yes. He canceled my date at his house because, he said, my turn was knotty."

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. MRS. L. V. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

A Sure Thing.

Clubberly—Well, I see that Baker has run off with another man's wife. It will ruin his chances for the senate if he keeps this thing up. Why, he won't be able to get into anything.

Castlaton—No, nothing but good society.

Kept on Talking.

Hook—What has become of that office boy of yours who used to take everything he could lay his hands on?

Nye—He's in the Municipal hospital—took smallpox.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

A Versatile Brother.

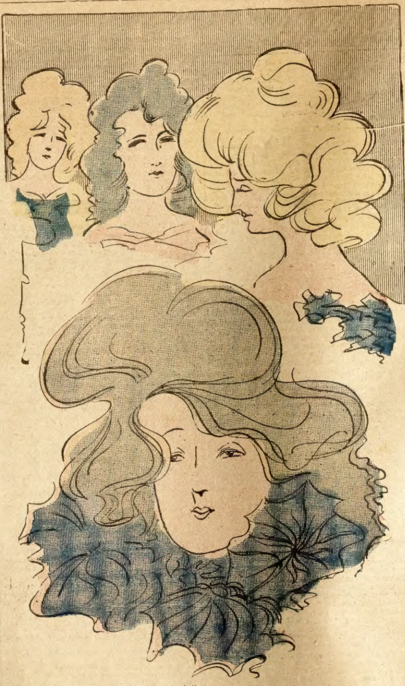
One of the old-time darkies, on being asked how he was making out, replied in this fashion:

"Well, suh: times is mighty light wid me, but I manages ter make a livin' by doin' a little plowin', a little votin' en a little baptizin'!"

An Entertaining Talker.

She—You say she is an entertaining talker?

He—Oh, my, yes! She can entertain herself for hours at a time.



"Lots of people use religion as a cloak."
"I wonder what they will do in the next world?"
"They won't need any cloak there."

Her Money's Worth.

Bride—Darling, what caused you to pick out Milwaukee as the end of our bridal tour?

Groom—It was the farthest place I could get a pass too.

His Theory.

Philosopher—Every young man should have a high ideal.

Gilded Youth—That's what I say. The girl I'm engaged to is 5 feet 8 inches tall.

Tried to Explain It.

Mr. Fatley—Yes, I'm a self-made man.

Professor Studiosis—Er—um—get the material at a bargain sale?

Happy Recollections.

Visitor—Well, my man, what are you in for?

Convict—Oh, I'm in fer a good time, lady.

Visitor—I don't understand you.

Convict—I'm in fer lickin' me mother-in-law, lady.

His View.

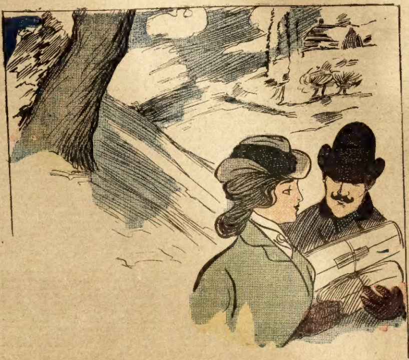
Uncle Josh—Then the anti-expansionists think the constitution oughter foller the flag?

Uncle Hiram—Yes, for the purpose of bringin' the flag home an' makin' it stay there.

By Wholesale.

He—Did the book you have been reading end satisfactorily?

She—Oh, yes; everybody married everybody!



She—These new neighbors seem to be awfully poor.
He—How do you know?
She—Whenever I want to borrow anything they never have it.

Rigidly Exact.

"A good man has gone," wrote the editor of the Hickory Ridge Missourian, in winding up his obituary of Colonel Woppajaw. "He was honored and respected by all, and a large concourse of sympathizing friends and neighbors followed to the tomb all that was mortal of our distinguished citizen, except a leg which he had the misfortune to lose while fighting bravely at Chickamauga thirty-eight years ago."

Woes of the Weatherman's Wife.

"Oh, mamma," cried the bride of the weatherman, "I think George is a brute!"

"Why, daughter!" gasped the mother. "What on earth makes you say that?"

"He knows that I am planning for my spring dresses, and all the time he persists in predicting snow and cold waves!"

Here she pointed a wrathful finger at the thermometer, which registered 40 degrees below organdie.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Following Directions.

"We shall have to try again," said the photographer, inspecting the result of the first sitting. "You seem to have had one eye shut."

"You told me to wink naturally," said the sitter, "and that's what I was trying to do."

An Honored Name.

"Remember," said the impressive person, "that your ancestors have left you an honorable name."

"Well," answered the titled youth, ruefully, "it is all right on a visiting card, but it isn't much at a bank."

Of Course Not.

"My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.

"No," answered the physician, "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."

Once.

Mrs. Poultney Plutocrat—Did you see much of the old masters abroad, Mrs. O'Dough?

Mrs. O'Dough—Only once, my dear; when I sent little Claude to Eton. The head there must have been near 80.

My Experiences in Captivity.

A waiting public now
  Can readily conjecture
The title and the substance of
  Miss Stone's forthcoming lecture.

Equally to Blame.

"You needn't hide that letter you're writing. That's impolite. I wasn't looking at it."

"You shouldn't have noticed that I was trying to hide it. That wasn't polite, either."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cures of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable, and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousand of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a Copy Free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Rising Man.

"And you have no ambition to rise in the world?"

"Sure, ma'am! I'm a porch climber."

Storyettes.

Bobby Jenks Essay.

When I was a little boy I used to look at the pictures of George Washington and sort of think he was petrified. But afterward I discovered that he couldn't tell a lie. Then I s'posed, of course, he must have been deaf and dumb. But I found out how about it when I saw a portarit of him a-making that declaration to his father. By grip, I couldn't tell a lie, either, if I was ketched right smack red-headed in the midst of my sins, with the hatchet in one hand, a guilty conscience in the other and the chips all around me.

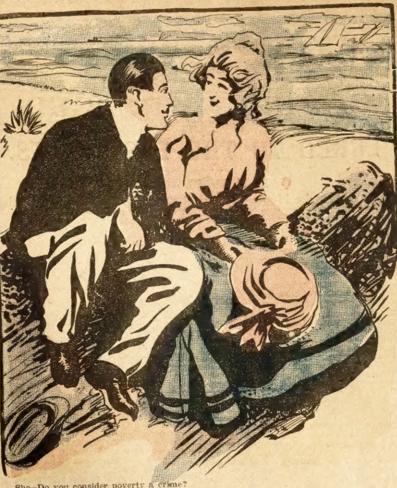
One time there was a man got off a few well-chosen words at our school about George Washington, and after he had told us everything we knew before he r'ared back and said, "Now, boys, all together; What was the matter with George?" He expected, of course, that we'd all exclaim in one voice that George was all right. But we didn't. Some of us said that the matter with him was that he couldn't tell a lie and some said that he was dead and one boy said he now stands before us.

George Washington was born very young. Uncle Bob says the doctor found me on a stump and brought me home in a bag for my folks to guess what he'd fetched 'em, and my ma was sick when she saw me. In the pictures George Washington wears a pig-tail, which appears very queurious. Uncle Bob says it makes him look like a popular novelist with his tale coming out of his head. George Washington was the first president, and begat John Adams and Thomas Jefferson and James Madison and the Monroe doctrine and John Quincy What's-his-name and so forth, in regular rotation like falling downstairs; and was first in war, first in peace and first in crossing the Delaware river in the picture and falling upon the Hessians and putting 'em to the sword like hot cakes. He also threw a dollar across the Potomac river, but Uncle Bob says money went a good deal farther in them days than it does now.

The queerest thing about George Washington was the number of body servants he was cursed with. They have been dying by hundreds ever since then and there are a few of 'em alive yet, now and then. Some folks collect postage stamps or boils or children or old itchings and such trash, but collecting body servants seems to have been George's fad. One time they wanted to make him king of America but he said the king business was so badly overdone that it didn't amount to nothing any more; it had got so that a king was as common as the deuce.

George Washington married a widow but that wasn't what killed him. He got sick and the doctors bled him to death. Doctors bleed their victims differently nowadays. Uncle Bob says that, one time, a rich man had his leg amputated. When he got better he asked the doctor what the damage was and the doctor told him $800. And the man said, "E'cod, doctor! That's a brave attempt, but can't you make this leg as long as the other by pulling it."

They buried George Washington at Mt. Vernon. That was after his death. He hasn't done anything since, as far as I have heard.



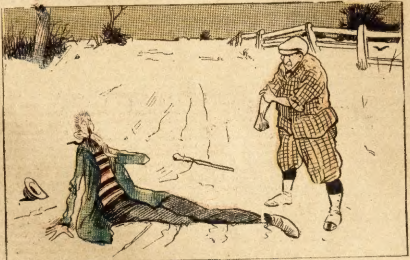
She—Do you consider poverty a crime?
He—Yes; and usually punishable by hard labor.

Under Difficulties.

Having succeeded at last in establishing telephonic connection with his dwelling, Mr. Ferguson proceedd to say:

"Laura, is that you?"

"Yes," replied a voice at the other end of the wire.



Society Note.—Yesterday Sir Biffin Blinks went for a long tramp in the country.

"I have called you up to tell you—hello! Do you hear what I'm saying?"

No reply.

"Hello, Central!"

"Hello!"

"What did you cut us off for? Give me 745 Black again—Hello!"

"Hello!"

"That you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to tell you I shan't—say, who's this? What are you cutting in for? Get away, will you? Hello! Hello!"

No reply.

"Hello, Central!"

"Number, please?"

"I've called it twice and been cut off both times. I want 745 Black."

"Here you are."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"That you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to tell you—hear that?"

"Yes."

"I'll not be able to—how much do you hear of that?"

No answer.

"Hello, Central!"

"Hello!"

"What the blue blazes do you mean by this? Say, give me the manager! I'll see if I can't—hello! What?"

"That you, George?"

"Yes; that you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"I only wanted to tell you I shall not be able to come home to dinner till about 7 o'clock. Get that all right?"

"Yes."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Moral: Call for the manager. It can't be depended upon absolutely, but it will work now and then.

The Modern Sherlock.

Again the modern Sherlock came around and reported to the rich father.

"Last night," said the modern Sherlock, "that dude proposed to your daughter."

"How in the world did you find that out?" gasped the parent.

"Very easily. I rubbed chalk in the parlor rug and this morning I find it on the dude's knees."

Then the rich father presented the modern Sherlock with a check.

A Matter of Contrast.

"Give an example of how heat expands and cold contracts."

"In the summer the days are long; in the winter they are short."

AGENTS WANTED

GRAPHOPHONE FREE and five records for two hours time introducing our new improved Garden Seeds, easily sold to every family. Write at once. Seedsman Outlet Co., 609 E.55th St., Chicago
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WORK $60 a month can be earned distributing samples, etc. No goods to sell. Enclose stamp. Amer. Adv. Assn., Amer. Tract Bldg., New York
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FREE GOLD WATCH This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57 Chicago
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MIRROR IN YOUR HAT WITH YOUR NAME ON! Entirely new :sticks in any hat; elegant Mirror and Hat Mark combined. The latest swell novelty, selling like wildfire; big profits. 12,000 Sold First Week. Agents make $10 DAILY. Sample and new Catalogue FREE. BRYAN & CO. Sole Mfrs. C 626 Cincinnati, O
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE WE GIVE BOTH RING AND A PAIR OF LINK CUFF BUTTONS FREE! for selling $1 worth Aluminum Thimbles. They sell at 2 for 5 cents which is cheapest price ever quoted for such high-grade goods. Most valuable premiums ever given for selling only $1 worth of goods. Ring is Gold plated, im. diamond. Perfect in cut and lustre. Pair handsome Gold plated Link Cuff Buttons of elegant design. Send name (no money) and we send Thimbles; when sold send us $1, we send you both Ring and one pair of Gold Plated Link Cuff Buttons. ALUMINUM M'F'G. CO., Dept. O 10 W. 22d St., N. Y. City.
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SHIPPED ON APPROVAL and Ten Days Free Trial to any person in U. S. or Canada. Not a cent deposit required on our Bicycles in advance. 1902 Models, $9 to $15 1900 & '01 Models, best makes, $7 to $11 500 Second-hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. Tires, equipment & sundries, all kinds, half regular prices. EARN A BICYCLE distributing 1000 catalogues on our new plan. A RIDER AGENT in each town can make money fast on our wonderful 1902 proposition. Write at once for lowest net prices to agents and our special offer. MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 52 D CHICAGO, ILL.
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GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agents Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.
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AGENTS WANTED

DON'T SET HENS the same old way when our new plan beats it 10 times. 100 Egg Hatcher Costs Only $2. Over 94,000 in use. 1000ds test'ls. 5000 agents wanted for 1902, either sex. Pleasant work. Big profits. Catalog and 10c Egg Formula FREE if you write today. Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 204 Columbus, Neb.
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AGENT wanted. We pay $3 per day. Send 8c for sample and contract. Wiccap Mfg. Co., Box 247, Columbia, Ala
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CASH PAID for distributing samples. Send stamp. American W. Distributer, Kansas City Mo
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WRITERS WANTED To Do Copying at Home. Art Institute, Lima, Ohio
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS New plan; guaranteed watch with every portrait, $7 cleared daily; sample free; act quick. Family Portrait Co., Dept. M, Chicago
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$24 A WEEK Paid men with rig to introduce Poultry Compound Send Stamp. Peerless Food Co., Kansas City, Mo
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WE PAY $20 a Week and Expenses to men with rigs to introduce our Poultry Compound. Send stamp. Javelle Mfg. Co., Dept. 121, Parsons, Kans
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller. PEASE MFG. CO., Stat'n O, Cincinnati, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO. Dept 7, 34 Monroe St., Chicago. Ill
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

AN HONEST MAN Willing to Work can make big money all the year around. No canvassing or peddling scheme. Send no money. Full particulars for stamp. The Specialty Mfg. Co., Dept. 18, Statesville, N. C.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES WANTED to work on Sofa Pillows. Materials furnished. Steady work guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to Mutual Supply Co., 3111 Indiana Ave., Chicago, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

12 PHOTOS copied from any picture good size, enamel finish. Sample & cat. 2c stamp. 16x20 Portraits, $1.25. 10c AGENTS WANTED. STAR PHOTO CO. 391 Main St., Andover, O.
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HIRSU HAIRINE. $1.00 BOX FREE. One Box grows Heavy Moustache like this, also Hair on Bald Head in 20 days or pay you $5. Mail $1 Box FREE for 15 cts. or 2 for 25 cts. Pay anybody $5.00 A DAY to take orders. Adds. UNION MED. CO., 246 Benton St., Palatine, Ills.
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WORK AT HOME. No canvassing, etc. Easy and pleasant. Straight salary. Rare opportunity for ladies. Send stamp for particulars. The Oriental Rug Company, Plattsburg, N. Y.
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DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n Indianapolis, Ind.
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Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $60 a month with advancement; steady employment; must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Ass'n, London, Canada
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FREE WE GIVE AWAY FREE one rolled gold solitaire Puritan rose diamond ring, solid-gold pattern, for selling 20 packages Garfield Pure Pepsin Gum among friends at 5 cents a package. Send full name; we mail gum. When sold send money; we will mail ring; few can tell from GENUINE DIAMOND. Unsold gum taken back. Write for catalogue of 200 premiums. GARFIELD GUM CO., 70 MEADVILLE, PA.
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$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 552, Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH We give a Solid Gold Plated American Watch, fully warranted to keep good time, to any one for selling only 18 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c. each. Send name and address and we send jewelry. When sold send us $1.80 and we will send a fully guaranteed American movement watch. Eagle Jewelry Mfg. Co. Dpt. F 563 Chauncey St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
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Two Rings Free! We will give these Two SOLID GOLD laid Rings, one set with large Garnet and three Pearls, one with Ruby and two Brilliants, FREE to any one that will sell 12 of our Gold Plate Enameled Brooches, set with different colored stones at 10 cents each, and sends us the $1.20. No money required until brooches are sold. We take back all not sold. Address HOWARD MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R.I.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE To every lady who sells 10 cans of our Baking Powder, etc., (on our Plan No. 65) giving to each purchaser free a beautiful Glass Sugar Bowl, Butter Dish, Cream Pitcher and Spoon Holder, we give this handsome Oak or Mahogany finish Rocker, free. No money required in advance. Simply send your name and address and we will send you our plans, order blank, etc. We will allow you time to deliver the Baking Powder and collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight, and will trust you with the Baking Powder, Rocker, etc. We also give away 112 piece Dinner Sets, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, Tables, etc., for selling our goods. Address KING MANUFACTURING CO., 725 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

FREE CHINA DINNER SET For a Few Hours' Work Selling Queen Baking Powder. Our Inducements are enormous. To every purchaser of a pound can Queen Baking Powder we give FREE a beautiful Pitcher and 6 Glasses to match, latest cut glass pattern (like picture). To the lady who sells 15 pound cans Queen Baking Powder, giving free pitcher and glasses to each purchaser, we will make a present of a handsome 50-Piece Dinner Set, full size tableware, handsomely decorated and gold traced. We also give Waists, Skirts, Jackets, Furniture, Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, and hundreds of other valuable premiums for selling our groceries. We also give cash commission. Write today for our illustrated plans offering many premiums to customers; it will pay you. No money required. You risk absolutely nothing, as we send you the goods and premiums you select pay freight and allow you time to deliver the goods and collect for them before paying us. AMERICAN SUPPLY CO., 806-808 North Main Street. Dept. 137 ST. LOUIS, MO.
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Sick Made Well Weak Made Strong.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed — The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 128 Baltes Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

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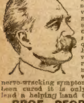

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Or,

LURED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By E. BURKE COLLINS,

Author of "Darke House Mystery," "A Fallen Star," "The Rajah's Jewels," "A Dangerous Game," Etc.

Begun in No. 9, March 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALONE IN THE DESERT.

The sun was setting. Off in the distance the snow-crowned peaks of the Sierras were visable, like mighty beacons to point the way. John Morris stood still,and gazed with intense interest upon the scene before him. At his feet and all about him were only sand-covered, wind-swept plains, with not a particle of vegetation in sight, except the parched and burned up sagebrush, and a few prickly spikes of cacti. No hope of finding water in that barren, wind-swept waste; no hope of rescue, for he had lost his way!

He stood there alone, the loneliest figure one can imagine, out under the twilight sky, the last beams of the departing sun shedding a faint glow upon his lonely, desolate figure, his gray head bent upon his breast, his dusty, travel-stained form trembling and feeble; upon his white, sunken features a look of utter terror and despair. There was literally no hope; nothing to hope for. He realized the situation at a glance; he had read and heard of this God-forsaken region and had often wondered about it, and its well-deserved name, "The Valley of Death." He had felt some curiosity in other days, concerning it; but he had never thought to end his existence there.

The last, fading, dying rays of the setting sun glowed and gleamed in a sad good-by, as it touched the bowed gray head, and Jack Morris groaned aloud, in bitter anguish. He might never see the sun set again. And although he was old, he shrank from death, as all men do; he could not bear the thought of dying there, alone in that horrible place, away from wife and child—all he held dear.

How he had lost his way and wandered from the path, he could not tell; but the mischief was done, and it only remained to make his way out of the alkali desert, back to civilization in some way if possible—but how? Looking upon the situation with all his faculties on the alert, it seemed to the old man utterly impossible that he should be saved.

Down dropped the sun, and immediately everything was shrouded in a dense, gray pall, as the evening shadows dropped themselves down upon the earth. With a groan Captain Morris crouched upon the ground, and great tears coursed slowly down his furrowed cheeks as he remembered that this was the evening hour, and the time for dear ones to gather round the hearth, in the sweet communion of a family group. But he would never see his dearly loved ones again, on earth.

Crouching there, in the slight, thin shadow of a huge cactus, he finally fell asleep. He was old, and tired too, with his journey on foot, traveling straight on and on, ever since two mornings ago, when he fled from the city, fearing recapture, and dreading to come in contact with his fellow men. And sleeping, he dreamed—dreamed of home, and wife and child. Tantalas visions of peace and home-life filled his dreams, and for the time he was happy.

He awoke with a strange certainty of lurking danger. A low growl fell on his ears; he started to his feet, and stood at bay, knowing full well, that he was in danger now from some wild beast. Yet, almost that danger seemed less than the persecution of men. He was not armed, and he had no matches to start a fire, nor yet fuel with which to build one. There were no trees to climb, with a chance of safety; the case seemed absolutely hopeless.

Perhaps he had in his terror exaggerated the danger; the wild animal, whatever it was, might be further away than it appeared, as sound carries far, in that region. In that case, there might possibly be a chance of escape; otherwise—he shuddered and was still.

He was horribly afraid; no one can wonder at that. To stand still and inert and be crushed within the mighty jaws of a wild beast was surely not an alluring prospect, and no wonder that he shrank shivering from the very thought.

But there was nothing else to do but stand quietly and take whatever blow fate might aim at him. After all, he would probably not make his escape from that region alive, and one way of death is the same as another, he said—and has but one end, after all.

So he remained still as death itself; and then, what seemed almost a miracle happened—no, it was ordained by Providence, for nothing happens; we are not ruled and directed by blind chance. But, all at once the wind shifted about, changing its course to the opposite direction. Captain Morris drew a long breath, and for the first time, a little hope crept into his heart. If the wind blew from the opposite side, it might waft his trail away from the animal, and for the time at least, he would be saved.

Quite a gale blew, and since it blew from the other side, Captain Morris felt secure; it would not "give him away" to the wild beast—probably a mountain lion. And so, he crouched in the feeble shadow of the cactus, until morning broke; and with it, the worst danger was past.

If ever he had welcomed the break of day in all his life, it was with intense thankfulness that he saw the sun peep over the distant Sierras the next morning. He felt like being a sun-worshiper, as he viewed the welcome sight. He fell upon his knees, and in a few words poured out his very soul in gratitude to Him who was the guide and ruler of his destiny.

There was no breakfast to be had, so he did not get any; but he would have given the wealth of the world, had it belonged to him, for a drink of pure, fresh water. After all, there is nothing in life which one cannot do without easier than water.

He did not know which direction to take, but finally concluded to push on, due west. He hardly knew what prompted the decision; afterward he said that God himself had led and directed his feet.

All day long he wandered on westward, and weary and worn, with feet bare and cut with sharp stones and wounded by the needle-like cacti bristles, leaving a tiny trail of blood with every step, he kept on—some unerring instinct—or the hand of God—leading him. And when once more the sun went down, and he faced another night alone in that awful desert, he found to his utter happiness a stream of cool, sweet water. That was enough to decide him to camp there, for the night.

There was no preparations to make; he seated himself beside the spring which bubbled up from a rocky bed, and tearing off some of his underclothing, dipped it into the running water, and with it bathed and cooled his tired and burning feet. Then, he rested his back against a rock which seemed placed there on purpose, and a sweet feeling of peace crept slowly over his senses. If only he had had something to eat! He was nearly famished, but still he had found water, and he felt that he would sooner do without food than cool, pure water.

He fell asleep from exhaustion at last, and to his utter astonishment slept until morning began to creep over the earth, and the sun appeared above the mountain peaks. It was like the coming of something like hope. He felt mysteriously cheered and refreshed.

The red sunbeams fell athwart the spot where he was sitting; he started and his face grew pale with a sudden pallor. The bright sunrays showed clearly a strange gleaming of yellow, in the soil at his feet. An odd sensation crepe over his heart; that gleaming yellow looked like gold!

Captain Morris was well grounded in geology and the earth which surrounds a golden deposit was in a way familiar to him. It came home to his understanding all at once, that this was gold.

There was no way to prove it, for he had neither tools nor the strength requisite to dig in the earth, and bring the rich deposit to the service; but the more he pondered upon the subject the more convinced the grew that he had found gold.

The very thought brought the color to his pale face, and the poor, slowly beating heart pulsated with sledge-hammer strokes. Even in the face of death—grisly death—John Morris felt the power of gold—its power for good and evil.

He was hungry. If the signs of the yellow metal at his feet were verified and he knew that he was the sole owner of an exhaustless gold mine, he would give it all willingly for a hearty meal.

He grew wild with the thought. He fell upon his knees and grubbed in the ground at his feet, bringing up bits of yellow ore which his practical eyes saw were the real golden metal. At first he felt like a crazy man; he saw visions of banquets and delicious viands, cooled by sparkling wines, cold as ice and far more satisfying than any wine his lips had ever quaffed. Cool and delicately flavored fruits, and all about him, the costliest and most beautiful flowers; a veritable fairy-land of beauty and sweetness. He partook of a Barmecide feast; and his dear wife and Barbara were with him—all—all that he cared for on earth.

As the fever mounted to his brain, he grew more and more demonstrative. Springing to his feet, he danced like a madman among the tinted particles which his fingers had clawed up from the breast of the earth, and occasionally a nugget of shining gold was dislodged. He had struck a "pocket," and it contained a goodly fortune; while far down below there lay undeveloped a mine, deep and rich, heretofore unexplored. And it was his; according to the unwritten laws of the miner; he was entitled to his "find," if he would stake it. And so he proceeded to do; and when the sun set again he was rich, but he was starving!

CHAPTER XV.

A STARVING MILLIONAIRE.

Yes, he was starving, there was no hope of rescue. But he had staked his claim; he had torn off the red flannel shirt that he wore, and tied it to the tall, slender cactus plant which grew close by; its bright red color would easily attract a chance passer if, indeed, there would ever be any one passing that way again.

He searched his pockets and found a stump of a leadpencil, with this he managed with some difficulty to write upon the wrapping

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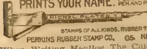

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Bitterly Wronged.

(Continued.)

paper which had held his luncheon, the following.

'Notice! This claim is staked by John Morris, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, captain of the 'Aspinwall.' Any person trespassing thereon, will be punished according to miner's laws and customs

He thought of the dear ones at home, and the great tears came into his eyes, as he remembered that they might be in want; for he had no faith that Gilbert Luttrell would offer them assistance. He proceeded to fasten the paper which he had written upon the sharp point of a jagged rock, and wedge it in grimly between two projections of rock where it would be easily seen if anybody should ever come in that direction. Then, upon the remaining paper he wrote a few lines to his lawyer in Philadelphia, and underneath, an appeal to any person who might discover his dead body and this claim, to mail the note to the lawyer, L. B. Wilson, —— Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, stating that the body of Captain Morris, of the 'Aspinwall," lay here unburied. It was the most touching and pathetic letter one can imagine.

When all was done he sank into a species of lethargy, not exactly sleep. He was aroused by the sharp pangs of hunger gnawing him once more. Starting up, though weak and almost unable longer to move, he staggered to his feet, and with great difficulty made his way a little distance off, always keeping within easy return to the spring of delicious water, for he knew well that this was a "find" very unusual indeed for that locality, and much more wonderful than the discovery of the gold. That gold! he would give it all for a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee

At a little distance he came to a halt. A few dried and almost tasteless berries still clung to the gaunt, withered branches of some blackberry bushes, they were the first approach to food that he had come across, and were eagerly gathered and eaten. But they did not begin to satisfy the intolerable gnawings of hunger.

He caught sight of a small bird flying low; with a half uttered prayer for success, he threw a sharp stone and struck the poor little creature, laying it at his feet. Seizing it with the energy born of despair, he made a meal upon the uncooked body, and half recoiling from the thought, ate it all the same. It was that, or certain death; no man would hesitate. To the day of his death, Captain Morris remembered that horrid meal.

After that he sank beside his staked claim, and there, with untold gold at his feet, Captain Morris resigned himself to death from starvation. It was a dreadful thought—to die far away from home and dear ones—but add to that, to die from starvation seemed more than he could bear. Was there no justice in the world? All his life long, he had worked hard for the subsistence which he was assured by the Good Book is the heritage of everybody who "toils and earns their bread by the sweat of their brow;" but he had found that the poor man may toil as hard as he can, the chances are apt to be against him. In the race for gold which alone controls society, the "race is always to the swift," and the poor man who is too honest to be rich is left in the lurch

But John Morris was too upright and believed too firmly in the goodness of God, to do aught but trust and have faith. He felt that these inexplicable trials and sufferings were all meant for some unknown good; and he was willing to wait until the last explanation comes, for the unraveling of the mystery. And so came noon of the third day.

After that, he lost count of the hours, and time itself slipped away from him. He felt dazed and bewildered; his head was light and full of imaginary sights and sounds. Time went on, "like a weaver's shuttle," and he slept, or was unconscious, he never knew which. Another day must have dragged by; he had eaten nothing but the dry berries and that horrid meal of raw bird, for four days now. It was evident that he could not last much longer, if he found no way of escape from his surroundings. The thought had ceased to trouble him now.

He managed to drag through another miserable night; and when morning dawned once more, he saw standing beside the spring a man. Or was it only the dream of a fever-haunted brain? He sat up and stared straight before him. No; it was a tall, dark man; a benighted traveler like himself. Captain Morris uttered a low cry.

"Thank God!" he ejaculated fervently, "I need not die alone!"

The man hastened to his side

"Who talks about dying?" he cried in a cheery voice. "I tell you, man, while there's life there's always hope. Now, I have lost my way."

"So have I," interrupted Captain Morris, "and I am starving. For four days my food has been a few dry berries, and—" he hesitated, "a raw bird."

"Ugh!" the stranger shuddered. "Well, still you are spared, and here am I. And, I have food with me, sufficient to keep us two, if we are careful, for several days."

He checked himself at sight of the look upon the old man's face; the hungry, wistful look, like a half-starved animal. The stranger added after a moment's pause

"Now, that all looks to me like a good sign that you are intended by fate, to die by starvation, my friend. Wait!"

He drew a flash of spirits from his pocket and a drinking cup. Going to the spring he filled the cup half full of water and filled it up to the brim with liquor. Then, he held it to Captain Morris' lips.

"Drink slowly," he said, "but drink it all. It will revive you, as nothing else can. I am not a devotee of whisky, but there are times in life when a drink of it can save that life. This is one such time. Drink, my friend."

The old sea captain did not hesitate. He drained the cup of its contents and immediately the color mounted to his cheeks, and the light crept into his sunken eyes, and slowly strength came back to his veins. He sat up and looked around him.

"You have saved me!" he exclaimed, "I shall not prove ungrateful. See! I have staked my claim here; it is likely to be a good one. I will share it with you, my best friend and the saviour of my life. But first, if you will, tell me how you came to lose your way. It is no fun getting lost, and worse yet, getting found, in this desert."

"My name is Marshall," returned the stranger, "Tom Marshall, and I am out here in the interests of a northern syndicate to purchase claims, if I can find any valuable one, with a chance of getting peaceable possession. How about yours?"

Without a word, Captain Morris pointed to the claim, with its red flag flying in the breeze. Marshall went to work to examine it and after a care investigation, as far as he could without help, pronounced it promising. His stout mule, laden with provisions, was fastened near by; he added the welcome information that a party of engineers were not far behind, and would soon join them; that this region was said to be one of the richest in the country, and susceptible of great things. While they were talking, the engineers rode up, and proved to be a clever set of men. Altogether, Captain Morris began to find that there was something to hope for in the world, after all.

A good, hearty meal followed, of which, however, Captain Morris partook sparingly; but it was destined never to be forgotten, for it certainly was needed. Then the men produced blankets which they shared willingly with Captain Morris, and once more he laid himself down for a reasonable night's sleep

When morning came the engineers produced the necessary machinery and a thorough examination of the claim followed. It resulted in a universal verdict that Captain Morris' claim was a very fair one. And then, as he was so instructed, Tom Marshall made the old sea captain an offer. He would pay for the company one million dollars in gold for the Last Hope claim, as the old captain had christened it. He could afford to smile now, as he remembered how hungry he had been only a little time before; and yet he was now a millionaire.

Of course he could not understand nor believe in his good luck at first. It all seemed like a fairy tale, or a Baron Munchausen story; but Marshall soon convinced him of his good faith, when the business formalities were arranged.

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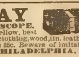

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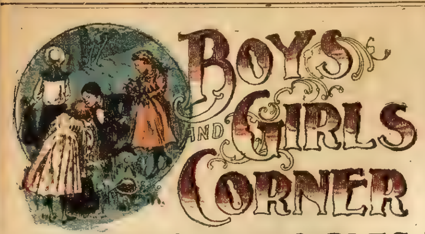

THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES;

Or,

THE BOY PATRIOTS OF '61.

By J. M. MERRILL, Author of "From Forge to Fortune," Etc.

Begun in No. 12, March 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOB STRIKES A TRAIL.

After agreeing to meet again Saturday afternoon the boys dispersed to their several homes. Bob had in mind the dance that was booked to come off at the home of Indian Pete at the Dam, and he had planned to capture the two deserters, or rather draft-evaders mentioned by the friendly Ottawa. Dick Strong and the rest were to aid in the work, but only a few were to be let into the secret until the eve before the time for action arrived.

It was now Thursday. Several days would necessarily elapse before anything more could be done. Meantime, if Constable Porter Staples should take it into his head to again make trouble, Bob might find himself in durance at the very time it would be most necessary for him to have his freedom.

Bob again consulted with his mother, and acting on her advice repaired to Woodburg for the purpose of throwing himself on the mercy of the court, if, on investigation, he found that Staples really had authority to arrest him. This was on Friday. Constable Staples happened to be out of town, but the magistrate assured the boy that a warrant had really been sworn out for his arrest, and that Constable Staples was only doing his duty in the premises when he essayed to make the arrest.

Bob assured the magistrate that he had not meant to resist an officer in the discharge of his duty. He had done nothing to warrant arrest and wished to know if there was any way out of the trouble other than standing trial for some offense of which he was not guilty.

"If the parties choose to push it of course you will have to stand trial, my lad; but, from what I know of you and your father, I am quite ready to believe that a serious mistake has been made. It is Mr. Goldrod who swore out the paper, but I understand that he may decide to let the matter drop. If I were you I would return home and continue to behave as a good boy should and maybe you may hear no more about it."

Bob left the magistrate's office considerably relieved in mind. He decided to act on the kindly advice given by the official, and was walking thoughtfully down the street, when he came face to face with his friend Susan Goldrord. She had halted before the door of one of the fancy goods stores, her mother having preceded her to the interior.

"Hello, Sue!" exclaimed Bob, shaking her hand. "I'm awful glad to see you. Your folks down?"

"Ma is all."

"Where is she?"

"In the store. I saw you coming and halted to speak with you."

"How they usin' you since the other day?"

The girl glanced apprehensively about, then sidled up close to the boy and said in a low tone:

"They shut me up all one day and night to punish me for going over to your house. Pa didn't whip me, but he said another time I cut up such a indecent caper he'd about kill me."

"The mean old smouger!"

"And say, Bob, there's something else."

"Yes," said Bob.

"Pa's more vis'tors."

"Who are they? Any more deserters?"

"That's jest what I think they are. One of 'em was Mr. Waldo from town here, and—"

"Susan, where are you?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Goldrod calling. The next instant she appeared in the doorway and glared sharply at Bob.

"Come in here this minute, Sue. How'd ye s'pose I'm going to fit a pair o' shoes to yer if you stay out in the street gassin' with every beggar that come along?"

The girl hurried into the store and Bob resumed his walk, without having his curiosity, which Sue had aroused, satisfied. The boy walked on down the street until he reached the vicinity of a long bridge that spanned the river. Turning without apparent motive, Bob walked down to the end of the bridge.

Several Indian canoes were moored to the bank just below the end of the bridge. Bob knew well what this meant. The Indians in the vicinity of Woodburg were in the habit of trading in the town on certain days of the week, and this was plainly one of these trading days, since there were at least a score of canoes at the sandy landing south of the long bridge.

Bob walked down to the water's edge and inspected the boats. They were of various sizes, and of as many different styles of build.

Some of them were decided gems of Indian workmanship. Bob had no time to note this fact long ere an uncontrollable desire seized him to try the qualities of one of the beauties, on the water. The lad was a very handy canoeman, having learned the art from Indian Pete at an early age. It had been the source of much regret to Bob that he had never been the owner of a canoe.

Unfastening one of the painters, the boy tossed it in a coil in the bow of the canoe, and stepping in himself, knelt carefully down in the bottom near the stern and grasped the ashen paddle.

"I'll go for a short spin," said he. "I won't go out of sight, and will return soon."

He had paddled to the middle of the stream, and was floating idly in the current, when the sound of a paddle farther down the stream greeted his acute ear.

It was after four in the afternoon, and the trees on the west bank of the river cast long shadows athwart that side of the stream. Into this shadow a canoe darted for fully a length, having shot directly out from a clump of willows on the shore.

Bob descried two persons in the boat. He saw them momentarily, however, since the canoe turned suddenly and disappeared around an abrupt bend.

"I wonder who it it," mused the boy, his curiosity aroused.

Seizing his paddle, Bob sent his light craft across the water in the wake of the other boat. When he reached the bend, and turned its abrupt point, he again caught sight of the craft stealing along in the shadows of the bushes lined the river bank.

One of the forms in the boat seemed familiar to our boy friend, and he continued on his way, resolving to overtake and speak with the two men. He soon forgot his resolve not to go beyond sight of the boat-landing by the bridge, in his eagerness to overtake the canoe in advance.

Suddenly Bob held his swift strokes with his paddle in mid air. The canoe in front had suddenly disappeared. There was something strange about this the boy thought. His curiosity was now more than ever aroused. He paddled closer to the shore, then permitted his canoe to float slowly along, meantime scanning the thick net of willows with the keenest scrutiny.

At length his vigil was rewarded. The willows seemed suddenly to part, revealing a narrow opening in the side of the steep bluff. Bob halted his canoe and soon ascertained that here was the mouth of a considerable creek. The boat he had been following had gone into the mouth of the creek. After a moment of hesitancy, Bob forced his own dainty craft into the narrow opening in the overhanging bushes, and paddled very quietly up the deeply shadowed stream.

He had not gone far ere he came upon the other boat drawn upon a sunken tree, its painter tied to a projecting limb. However, the canoe was empty. A low murmur of voices not far distant fell now on the ear of the boy pursuer.

"We'll be perfectly safe in at the hut, Jim, I've used it before," and a low laugh followed the words. Bob almost gasped for breath as he recognized the voice as that of Major Grimbold.

"Come on, then, I am anxious to have this trouble settled at once. You're the only man in these parts that knows the truth about me, and if you keep mum I shall be all right."

"You understand the conditions, Mr. Waldo."

This was all that the listening boy heard as the two men passed out of hearing, but it was enough to more than arouse his curiosity, and with feverish haste he clambered up the bank in pursuit.

Bob experienced considerable difficulty in following, but after a careful skirmish of the vicinity, along the brow of the hill, he ran upon a small bark cabin occupying the bottom of a considerable depression.

Bob could follow with his eye the trail of the men leading to the bark hut. A low murmur of voices came up to him, but nothing of an intelligible nature was discernable.

Bob knew that Jim Waldo was the companion of the provost marshal, and remembering what the official had said regarding the man from Indiana, the boy naturally wondered what the two men could have in common. The few words that had reached Bob's ear were of a sufficiently peculiar nature to arouse at least the abounding curiosity of a sixteen-year-old boy.

Bob crept cautiously down into the depression, where the shadows almost completely hid him from view. Luckily he found a convenient slit in the side of the bark wigwam to which the lad applied first his eyes then his ear. He trembled inwardly at thought of what might be revealed to him through this espionage.

Magnetic Journal
PROF S.A. WELTMER

HEALING THE MULTITUDE

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The Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

A QUESTIONABLE PROCEEDING.

A light presently glimmered within the bark wigwam, and one of the men placed a candle on a small shelf. Thus the interior of the place was well illuminated.

Both men sat down on stools with which the hut seemed well provided. The spying boy could see the faces of both men plainly. He had not been mistaken in his former suspicions—they were Jim Waldo and the provost marshal. While peeping through the crack Bob saw the United States official draw a paper from his pocket and read therefrom the names of several leading citizens of Woodburg and vicinity.

"Every man on this list is your enemy, Jim."

"My enemy?"

"It is as I tell you. Every one of these men is a fierce unionist, and would like to see such as you shot."

"But the most of the men named are my very best friends."

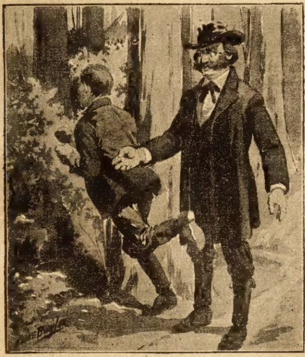
"They are the friends of James Waldo, mill foreman for Swan and Spring; but what of Gaius Mardon?"

"Eh!" exclaimed the other, with a start. "How did you discover——"

"Your identity? Easy enough, Mr. Mardon. I know, too, that you left your Indiana home between two days. I haven't been in the government secret service for nothing, let me tell you," and a low laugh followed the words.

"I seem to be wholly at your mercy, Major Grimbold."

"Wholly so, my friend."



With a quick dive he slid from the major.

"And you have brought me to this out-of-the-way place to tell me this!" with a bitter cry. "I think you might have at least spared me such useless secrecy."

"It is true that you are at my mercy, sir, but I feel for you, under the circumstances, and but for my duty to my country I might be persuaded to look the other way when you quietly departed from Woodburg."

The major replaced his paper in his pocket and assumed a thoughtful air.

"Look here, major, I'm not going to deny my identity; but can't you give me a chance for my life?"

"I am a merciful man. What do you mean? We're alone here, and you can speak out without fear."

"If money——

"I am a patriot, sir. My duty to my bleeding country will not permit of my listening to any proposition that in the least conflicts with my honor as a soldier."

"Then I may as well knock under, unless I may hope to overcome you——"

"I'd advise you not to attempt anything so rash."

"Why did you bring me here? I thought——"

"Well, what did you think?"

"I thought you were my friend, and that you would listen to a proposition."

"You have made no proposition as yet."

"You discouraged me at the outset."

"Oh, ye faint-hearted boy! I am interested in you, Mr. Mardon. Let me hear your proposition."

"You will listen, then?"

"To anything that does not conflict with my honor."

"Here is my proposition, Major Grimbold."

The spying boy saw the last speaker draw from his pocket a roll of bank notes. By the light of the flickering tallow dip he saw the man unroll and select a single note. The face of the dark-browed provost marshal at this moment was a study.

Would he accept the bribe? Bob, in his eagerness to see and hear everything that transpired within the hut, leaned so heavily against the frail bark structure as to cause it to give way.

There was a cracking sound as the boy spy was precipitated headlong into the interior of the wigwam.

"Hello!" ejaculated Major Grimbold, springing to his feet in a very undignified state of panic. The next instant he grasped the intruder by the collar and was shaking him as a mastiff might wrestle with a whiffet.

"Let up!" yelled Bob. "You're choking me!"

"Well, bless me if it ain't old Cutter's boy. What in nature are you sneaking around here for, bub? Don't yon know it isn't decent to spy on the movements of your elders, young chap?"

Major Grimbold regained his self-command quickly, and seemed disposed to treat Bob Cutter's indiscretion with good humor.

The major's companion was, however, quite discomfited at sight of a third party. Of course he had heard all, and would report what he had seen and heard in the village.

"Let me go, Mr. Grimbold," pleaded Bob.

"Not till you explain your presence here, young man," returned the government official with becoming severity. "How long have you been outside eavesdropping?"

"Just come along on a cow trail," said the boy. "I stumbled and rolled down into this hole. I hope I haven't done any harm. I feel sure that I can fix up this old bark shanty——"

"Oh, that's all right," said the major, quickly, and in a relieved tone. "The hut is of no account anyway. Mr Waldo and I were down to the river fishing, and took a short cut across the bluff to the main road, where I left my team. Seeing this queer little hut we came in to investigate."

"Yes," said Bob, who, finding himself released, stood with his back against the bark wall.

"I think we've investigated this place long enough, Jim. Will you go with us, Bob?"

"Oh, no," said Captain Bob. "I'll go back by way of the river."

"Just as you please. Come on, Jim, let's get back to town. You'll have to look after things at the mill before supper."

The two men quitted the hut and walked up the bank to the upper level, where they paused till Bob joined them.

"So you won't go with us, my boy?" queried the major, patting Bob on the head with his big white hand.

"No," said Bob. "I've got to go by the way of the river," and with a quick dive he slid from under the hand of the major and disappeared in a clump of "shintangle."

He did not go far, however, ere he came to a halt and turned about to watch the further movements of the two men. He saw them consult a moment, then strike off into the woods at right angles with the river. "Let them go," thought the boy. "I will watch for them at the river."

The shadows had perceptibly deepened at the riverside now, and Bob had no trouble in secreting himself in the dark undergrowth. Here he waited until almost dark—a full hour—yet the men did not come, although their canoe was still there on the sunken tree.

Tiring at length, Bob sprang into his own canoe and paddled back to town. On reaching the landing he was confronted with a very angry Indian, which required all his good-humored skill to pacify.

This done, Bob hurried to the main street of the village.

Here the boy came upon Major Grimbold just driving out of town. Seeing Bob, he halted his team and invited the lad to ride, saying that he was going directly past the Cutter home.

Bob accepted the invitation with some misgivings. He was not quite sure of the status of the provost marshal. Whether he would have accepted the bribe offered by the Indiana deserter was a debatable question in the mind

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The Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

of Captain Bob.

CHAPTER X.

THE PROVOST MARSHAL EXPLAINS.

"That was a neat little joke of yours, Bob."

The major's hearty laugh rang out as the two were whirled across the river bridge on their way out of town.

The boy at the major's side started as if guilty of some malicious act. What was his companion driving at? For the life of him Bob did not at the moment know.

"I don't know what you mean, Major Grimbold," ventured the captain of the Union Invincibles.

"Why, that little joke of yours at the hut, you know. Don't imagine I don't know what you was up to."

"What was I up to, sir?"

"You was playing the spy on Uncle Sam's officer, that's what you were doing. I saw through it in a moment, but I didn't want to let on to Jim Waldo."

The major spoke in such a cheery voice as to disarm all resentment or fear on the port of his companion.

"What about Jim Waldo?"

"You remember what I told you about him the other day?"

"I am not likely to forget, sir."

"I thought not."

They were across the river now, and were entering the woods where evening shadows were deepening each moment. The face of Bob's companion wore a half smile which the boy patriot did not fail to notice and marvel over.

"You are wondering what Jim and I were doing up there in the woods, eh, boy?"

"I am not going to deny it, sir."

"That's right. Never sneak out of anything unless it's dishonorable, my boy. Now I've no doubt you thought you had discovered a mare's nest when you saw us together."

"I thought it was rather strange," admitted Bob, "and I'm not going to deny that, either."

"Of course not. It was a little mystifying, I know, but a man in my position runs constantly up against many queer propositions, and this government bloodhound business is very perplexing work sometimes. Jim Waldo is a fraud."

"So you said the other day, sir."

"And he now knows that I am onto his racket, and he is very badly scared. I hope I can trust you, Bob Cutter."

"In anything honorable you can."

"Do you imagine I would ask you to do anything dishonorable, my boy? I think an officer of my standing has too much at stake to do anything of a compromising nature."

"I hope and believe so myself, Major Grimbold," said Bib, quickly.

"Very well, then. I trust you will believe me when I say that I am utilizing this man Waldo to catch a dozen worse men than he is. I think likely you can understand that proposition."

"I think I can, sir."

"We are progressing. I told you truly when I said that this Jim Waldo ran away from the state south of us to escape the draft. Such creatures I despise, yet I do not hesitate to use them for the good of the government which I serve."

"Have you placed the fellow under arrest, major——"

"Not yet. If I would utilize him to the best advantage I must allow him his freedom for a time. You see, this is a part of the plan I am engineering to nab the whole measley gang of draft sneaks in this part of Michigan. You understand that, I trust?"

"Well, not exactly——"

"Oh," interrupting, "it isn't necessary for you to wholly understand my mode of operating. I will simply state that I am using this Hoosier fellow as a bait for the trap I am setting for Jabin Branch, Hank Witchell, Sam Lippert and others. All I ask of you is to keep your mouth shut and watch my smoke. It is very important that you do this, Bob Cutter, and I trust I have not mistaken your sagacity when I ask you to trust me and do as I say."

The major spoke rapidly at first, but as he proceeded he fell into the low, drawling tone peculiar to him in the past.

The man seemed sincere enough, Bob thought, and he readily promised to lay low, as the major expressed it, and wait for the officer to the more completely formulate his plans.

At one time the boy thought it best to tell the marshal about the coming dancing party at Indian Pete's. On second thought, however, he decided to keep his own counsel in this particular at least. It was not that Bob cared so much about winning all the laurels that would come to the one who succeeded in capturing the draft evaders, as it was that since his discovery of the United States official in a compromising position the young patriot feared to fully trust him.

Not a word of this distrust did the boy whisper to the man at his side, however. It might be that there was nothing wrong with the very high-stepping major. Bob hoped so for the sake of all concerned.

"You promise, my lad?"

"I shall put nothing in your way, of course, major," said Bob quickly. "I am as anxious as anyone to see these rascals brought to time, and I hope you are not making a mistake in trusting Waldo too far."

"I am looking out for that."

"When will you make some arrests?"

"Within a day or two. I've got my eye on some of the men I want."

"How about Mr. Goldrod? Can't he be taken up for harboring a deserter?" asked Bob.

"I think so. I will attend to his case later."

"Look sharp!" suddenly exclaimed Bob, at this moment. "There comes a team, and this isn't a very good place to turn out."

A horse and light vehicle came near to colliding with them.

Major Grimbold reined up his mettlesome steeds suddenly—just in time to avoid a collision.

"Hello!" exclaimed the major. "Would you run over a man, say?"

"I beg your pardon," said the driver of the light vehicle, who was the only occupant. "I did not see you. Besides, you were driving pretty fast in such a dim light."

"I drive as it suits me," growled the major, far from civilly.

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"I was troubled with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs and left me with a miserable cough," writes Mr. Joseph D. Burns, of 318 Huestis Street, Ithaca, N. Y. "I used two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' after which my cough disappeared entirely. I cannot recommend your medicine too highly.'

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oung Invincibles.

(Continued.)

"No doubt of that," said the other, reining out of the road. "May I ask a question, sir?"

"Be quick about it, then."

"I am seeking a man known as Goldrod——"

"He lives half a mile over yonder," and the major waved his hand to the right.

"A road leaves this one going into his place, does it not?"

"Yes, about forty rods back." The speaker was about to drive on when Bob spoke up, asking the stranger if he would soon return the way he had come. On being answered in the affirmative Bob offered his services in piloting the man to the home of the shingle-weaver.

"I shall be very much pleased to have you do so, my boy," said the occupant of the buggy. "I am a stranger in these parts, and am not used to these thick woods and blind trails they call roads."

Bob quickly transferred himself from the major's vehicle to that of the stranger, when the two men drove each his way.

"You live in these parts?" asked the man, whose voice was of very pleasing sound and toward whom Bob's heart instinctively warmed.

"Yes, only a short distance up the road. If you do not stop too long with Mr. Goldrod I will ride back with you as far as our house."

"My business with the man won't detain me long, I hope," returned the stranger, in a low voice, after which he relapsed into silence.

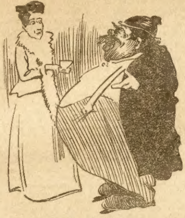
This highly interesting story of war time days will be continued next week. Ledger subscribers are offered free cameras and free patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

How the Sudanese Telephone.

People often wonder how the natives in Africa contrive to transmit news with apparently miraculous rapidity across miles of bush and desert. The explanation is a simple one. They use the telephone. The Sundanese telephone is nothing like the one in use in European countries. It is of two kinds—a hollowed-out elephant tusk of immense size, or a tam-tam. The tusk can be made to transmit seven distinct notes, by means of a slice of tree bark, which is placed on the outside of the tusk at varying distances from the mouthpiece. By means of this instrument sounds can be heard at a distance of several miles, and messages are frequently transmitted as much as 200 miles in a single day by these primitive telephones.—London Mail.

The population of the United States doubles in about thirty-five years. Public libraries in this country have doubled in twenty years. A $400,000 public library opened at Newark, New Jersey, recently has a lecture room, art gallery, museum, book lifts, bindery, a children's room, bicycle room and tea room for attendants.

Explained.



Weary Lyre—Mum, could you give a dollar to a poor starving man?

Mrs. C. U. Riosity—Why, you look pretty well fed.

W. L.—De reason I look so fat, mum, is because I'm so full of emptiness.

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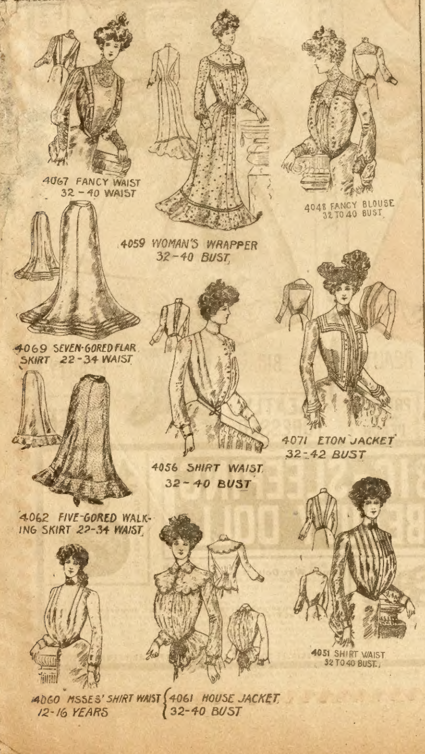

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A Novel Bear Hunt.

BY PARKER NEWTON.

Away up on the shores of the Georgian Bay is a fine old place where live the Steadman boys. This same Georgia Bay, dotted with its myriad islands, it blue waters turned to a glorious glassy sea, was one winter day the scene of the strangest hunting that ever was done. Larry and Fritz Steadman are lively and happy lands, bred all their lives to shoot and fish and to enjoy all the fine opportunities for winter sport, in which their northern home is so rich. They spent the late autumn days preparing for the days to come. There are skates to be sharpened, bobs to be shod, snow shoes to be fitted with new strings, and toboggans to be put in order. The year of our story, however, the minds and hands of the boys were occupied with a far more ambitious undertaking than anything they had ever attempted. It was no less than the building of an iceboat. The boys had always wanted an iceboat, and, having secured a set of plans from a book on winter sports, they set to work with such industry that ere long the "Scud" was ready for active service.

The boys' father had contributed a set of sails and the boat was a thing of beauty. The original plans had been improved upon by flooring over the space from the tiller to the mast, making one large cockpit, so that four passengers could be comfortably carried. With the first good ice a trial trip was run out to Snake Island and back, a distance of four miles, in less than six minutes. The boys were then, indeed, proud of their work, and even the old stagers who had laughed at a boat being built "out of a book," had to concede that the "Scud" was a flier. The Steadmans' boathouse was rather a fine one. It was fitted up with a great stove and plenty of big chairs, and when the boys gathered their sisters there with a group of their friends for luncheon and a skating party it was very cozy and jolly. This was exactly what was planned, for on the day of which I am going to tell you a large party had been invited for the skating and some iceboating, with a good luncheon afterward. Fritz had gone down to the boathouse to see that a good fire was built and to get the iceboat in perfect condition. This was the "Scud's" first introduction to many of their friends, and he wanted to be sure that she was ready with her "company manners."

Fritz was working over boat, getting everything ready at hand, when, chancing to glance up, he saw a black object moving over the ice about a mile from shore. At first he thought it must be an Indian looking for a place to fish through the ice, but it was too large for an Indian. Then a thought came to him and caused his heart to give a tremendous thump. He rushed into the boathouse and got the field glasses and took one look. It was a bear. Fritz was wild. He had never had a shot at a bear and here was a glorious opportunity. He made plans quickly. He would take the "Scud" and, single handed, secure the bear. How surprised dear old Larry would be—Larry, who was two years older than he and who prided himself upon being the better shot. Fritz seized a gun from the rack, crammed some cartridges into the pocket of his jacket and hurried back to the "Scud." To hoist the sails, make the halyards fast and clear the sheet took but a moment. Fritz fairly trembled with excitement as he put the tiller on the rudder head, turned the rudder straight, pushed the boat out onto smooth ice and jumped aboard. The great sail filled and away flew the "Scud." The wind was nearly straight inshore, so that Fritz had to run out and then come back bown toward his game. As the boat crept over the ice Fritz hastily planned his campaign. He was rapidly nearing the beast, who had raised his head, gazing in evident surprise at this big white winged bird which was swooping down upon him.

Fritz took up his gun to slip in the cartridges, when he made a discovery that terrified him and upset all his plans. In his haste he had taken a shotgun instead of a rifle. For a moment he was inclined to run away, but only for a moment; then his courage returned. Why not use the sharp point of the runners of the "Scud" for a weapon? With the force at which he was running it ought to strike a paralyzing blow, and then, if the bear was only stunned, he could be dispatched with the heavy tiller. This apparently the only thing to do, so he sped on. When the boat was but a few feet away the animal suddenly stood up on his hind feet and uttered a savage growl. Thus it was that instead of striking old Bruin in the head, as Fritz had planned, the windward runner board, between the runner and the mast, struck him in the legs and tumbled him headforemost into the cockpit of the iceboat. Fortunately the shock had thrown Fritz sprawling twenty feet away on the ice. The tiller now being free, the "Scud" came about and filled away at a rattling pace for the shore.

The bear was terrified into inactivity by the speed at which he was carried. Did ever iceboat have such a passenger? Fritz sat up on the ice, where he had fallen, and gazed after his retreating boat. Meanwhile, on shore Larry and his party had come to the boathouse, and discovered that Fritz and the boat had vanished. Just then some one exclaimed, "Here comes Fritz now!" Larry gazed at the incoming boat for a moment, then hurIedly took a glance through the field glasses. Then he shouted, "Get into the boathouse everbody! Quick! There's a bear on the "Scud!"

There was a grand rush for the shelter of the boathouse, Larry groaning as he went, "Oh, what has become of Fritz?"

He looked hastily at the gun rack, and saw that the rifle was still in place. He loaded it quickly, and, calling to the other boys to watch from the boathouse, he hurried back down the shore. The "Scud" was coming straight for land only a few hundred feet from the boathouse. Larry stood ready, his teeth set and his face pale—Fritz should at least be avenged!

There was a grinding sound over the rough ice, a bump and a crash on some small rocks at the shore edge, the mainsail came down with a run and there was a hopeless tangle for a moment of boat and bear. Then out of crept Bruin, looking dazed and troubled. He had but a short time for trouble, however, for bullet from Larry's rifle settled him completely, and the great bear dropped on the ice where he stood. Meanwhile some of the party had discovered Fritz trudging home. He soon reached them, and joined the party standing about gazing at the dead bear.

Presently some one said: "The poor old 'Scud' is pretty badly wrecked."

"Yes," said Larry, "but we did get the bear."

"Humph," laughed Fritz, "you wouldn't have got him if I hadn't shipped him in shore for you."

And they all agreed that it was the most novel bear hunt they had ever heard of.

Good Security.

"Mister, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young voice at the office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad of 12 years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance "to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other 15 cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper, carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco.

As respectfully as if it had been the deed to a farm the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think that I know nothing about him," smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully, in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge; and that he roes not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that the one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as a security."

First Lion Born in New York.

BY RUTH RAYMOND.

It was in Madison Square Garden, in a cage of the Barnum-Bailey show, April 20, 1897, that the first baby lion born in New York, delighted all beholders. His mother's name was Nelly, and how she loved the tawny yellow muff was proven by the care she bestowed on her offspring.

Most lions, like kittens, do not get their eyes open under nine days but Nellie's baby was taking notice of things in less than twenty-four hours, and growling and spitting when things did not go to suit his majesty, for he was a born king of the beasts. His father's name was Frenchy and the first journey the baby lion took was across his own cage up to the bars of the parental habitation. Nelly saw him in time, and gathering him up by the nap of the neck she carried him to the farthest corner of her own cage, and gave him a gentle pat to teach him that there was his place. Nelly hated tigers and the baby was early taught to hate them also. How he would growl and rage at sight of his natural enemy.

A Brave Girl.

A story comes from South Africa, where the English are making war upon the Boers, of how a party of Boers made their escape through the aid of a brave little girl.

The party was surprised in one of the outhouses of a farm, and, as their pursuers held the main buildings, the Boers were unable to secure their horses. They sent a little girl, aged 9, to fetch them, as they knew that the enemy would not shoot her. The plan worked well, and the Boers escaped.

Fish Tail and Fins.

The tail of a fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first on one side and then on the other, using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish is moving fast and wants to stop he straightens out his fins just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

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